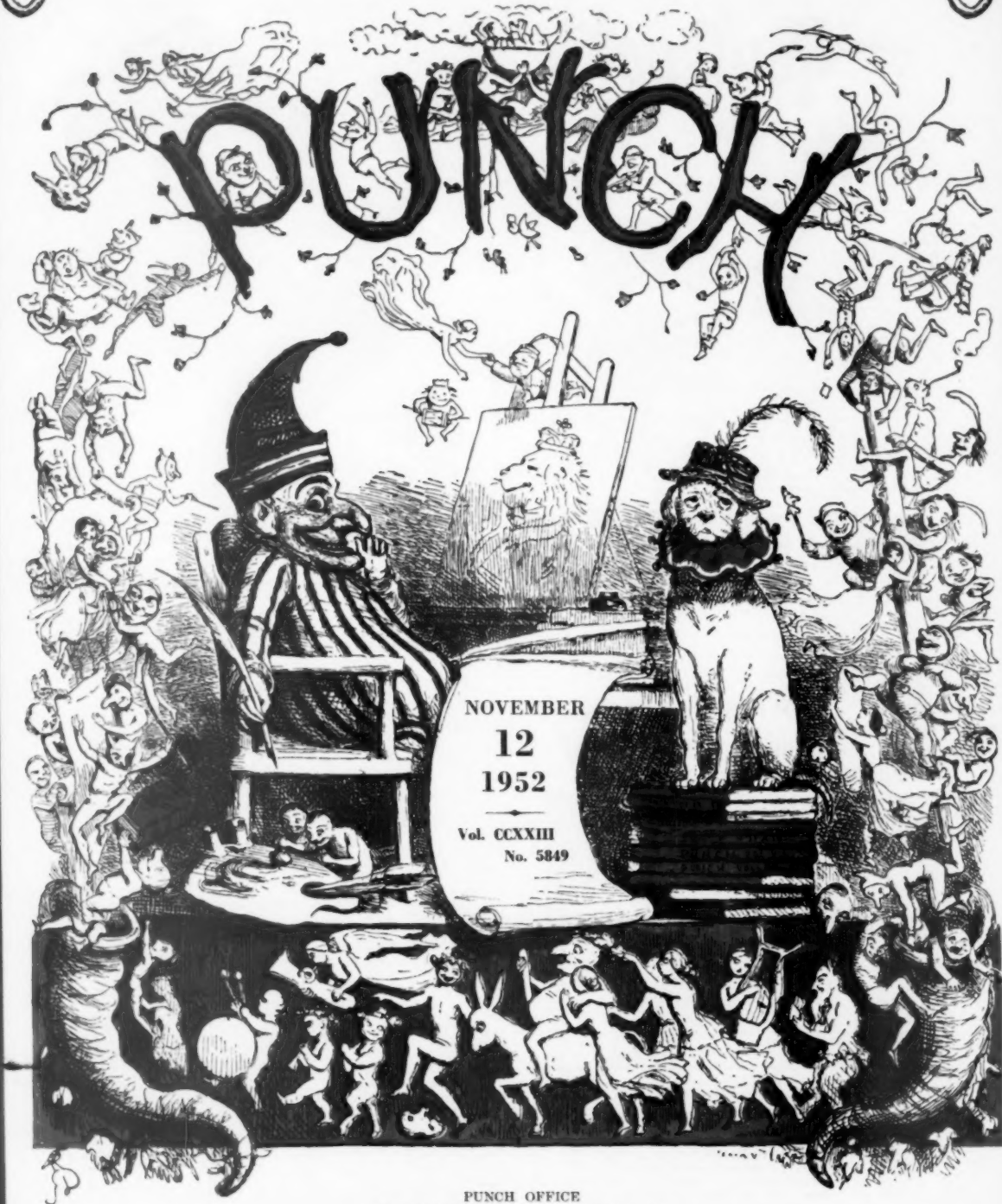


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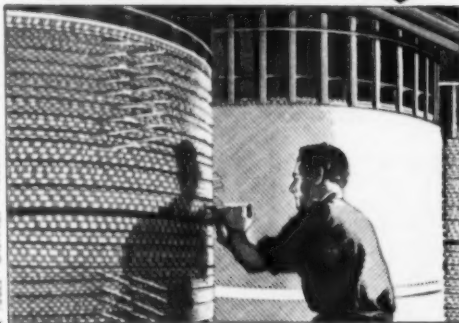
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YOU WILL OBSERVE from the aerial on his car that one of these two famous editors has car radio while the other has apparently not yet learnt the way to keep in touch with the world at sixty miles an hour. Essential in their work? Of course!—but just as essential to the ordinary motorist. When roads seem unending, car radio shortens them.

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(Collars are tape-reinforced along a turn-over edge for longer life and comfort).

We will gladly send you a coloured pattern leaflet, with the name of your nearest Radiac Rex stockist, if you will write (a postcard will do) to Radiac Shirts, 63 Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2

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that we were
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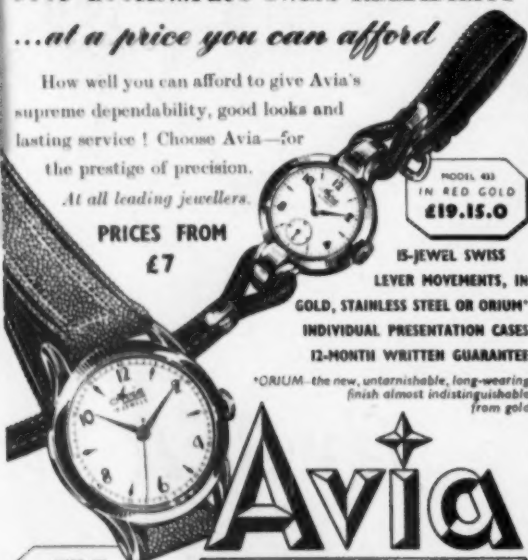
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TRAFFIC

LIKE EVERY MAGNIFICENT MAGNATE H. Waterboy Traffic needs a trim, well-made, easy-to-handle envelope* to mistake for the blotting-paper now and then. It helps him to regain, if only momentarily, his lost humility.

No one could blame him for losing it. A touch on his buzzer explodes through The Traffic Organization like a well-judged distribution of hand grenades. When he deigns to lift the telephone, bankers pale beneath their tan. All his secretaries' secretaries have secretaries, and even his personal assistant's personal assistant has a personal assistant. When a caller (of ducal or equivalent status) is finally sieved through into his presence, H. Waterboy Traffic does not look up; as his visitor crosses the wasteland of carpet between door and desk he dashes off a dozen gleaming signatures with an air of sanctified preoccupation. And blots them.

It is then, when he sees his signatures spread over the typescript, like immense squashed beetles, that the realization dawns: he can make a mistake like anyone else. That is why every magnificent magnate needs a trim, well-made, easy-to-handle envelope to mistake for the blotting-paper now and then.



* One of the RIVER SERIES for preference. A good, eye-catching Cam Parchment would be just the diversion for Traffic, our fictitious magnate.



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We shall be delighted to send to professional and business houses our newest sample binder of River Series envelopes. It will prove most helpful in deciding the best for every separate envelope requirement.

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EC138



By courtesy of the Colony Restaurant, London

"Like a gin, Madam?"
**"Love a CURTIS, Jimmy
— it's smoother!"**

"Here you see a woman with critical tastes, Jimmy," says her partner. "What feminine foibles we men have to put up with."

"Not critical of you, my dear," says she with a smile. "But I can pick a good gin with my eyes closed — and even you must admit Curtis is really smooth."

"Yes, like most men, Curtis matures slowly, but unlike the majority it is always smooth."

"Whatever it is, Curtis suits us. Here's to us." Jimmy, Head Barman in London's Berkeley Square Colony Restaurant, smiles. He knows that all spirits matured in cask become more aristocratic, more mellow — in fact "smoother". That's why you'll find Curtis Gin smoother — much smoother.

Smoother — because it's matured in cask

Curtis Gin

"CLEAR" AND "OLD GOLD". AVAILABLE IN BOTTLES, HALF BOTTLES, THREE NIP AND SIX NIP FLASKS.





On November 30th, 1530, Thomas Wolsey, Cardinal and Archbishop, died at Leicester Abbey. Once so powerful and arrogant, this great statesman was already doomed and his death saved him from the ignominy of standing trial for treason.

Not so important in the history of the realm but a date significant to countless investors and home owners is the year 1853, when the Leicester Permanent Building Society was founded. Since then the Society has grown to be the largest in the Midlands.

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Did you know-

—a King of England rode a winner at Newmarket?

ON OCTOBER 14th, 1671, Charles II rode his horse "Woodcock" at Newmarket against Mr. Elliot, gentleman of the Bedchamber on "Flatfoot". The King lost, but two days later he rode against Mr. Elliot, Mr. Thin and the Duke of Monmouth for The Plate and won. In 1674 he won The Plate a second time. The King's success cannot be accounted for by the tact of his courtiers for we have the authority of Sir Robert Cary that "His Majesty rode himself three heats and a course, and won The Plate—all four were hard and ne'er ridden, and I dare assure you the King won by good horsemanship".

A NOTABLE HORSEMAN The King was indeed a notable horseman, for at the age of ten his riding master, the Duke of Newcastle, wrote of him "he would ride leaping horses, and such as would overthrow others and manage them with the greatest skill and dexterity to the admiration of all who beheld him".

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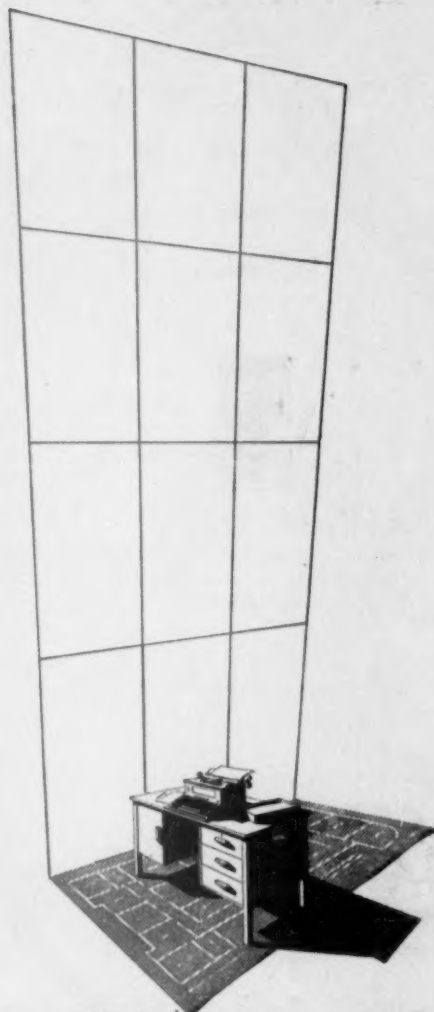
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PJ/37



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No? But you *should*! DRYAD offers you that rare experience—a sherry of acknowledged excellence at a below-average price. DRYAD is a pale, very dry wine that has been soundly matured in wood to establish the characteristic flavour and finish of a fine "flor" sherry.

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Australian Sherry

15/6 a bottle

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Ships Ahoy!

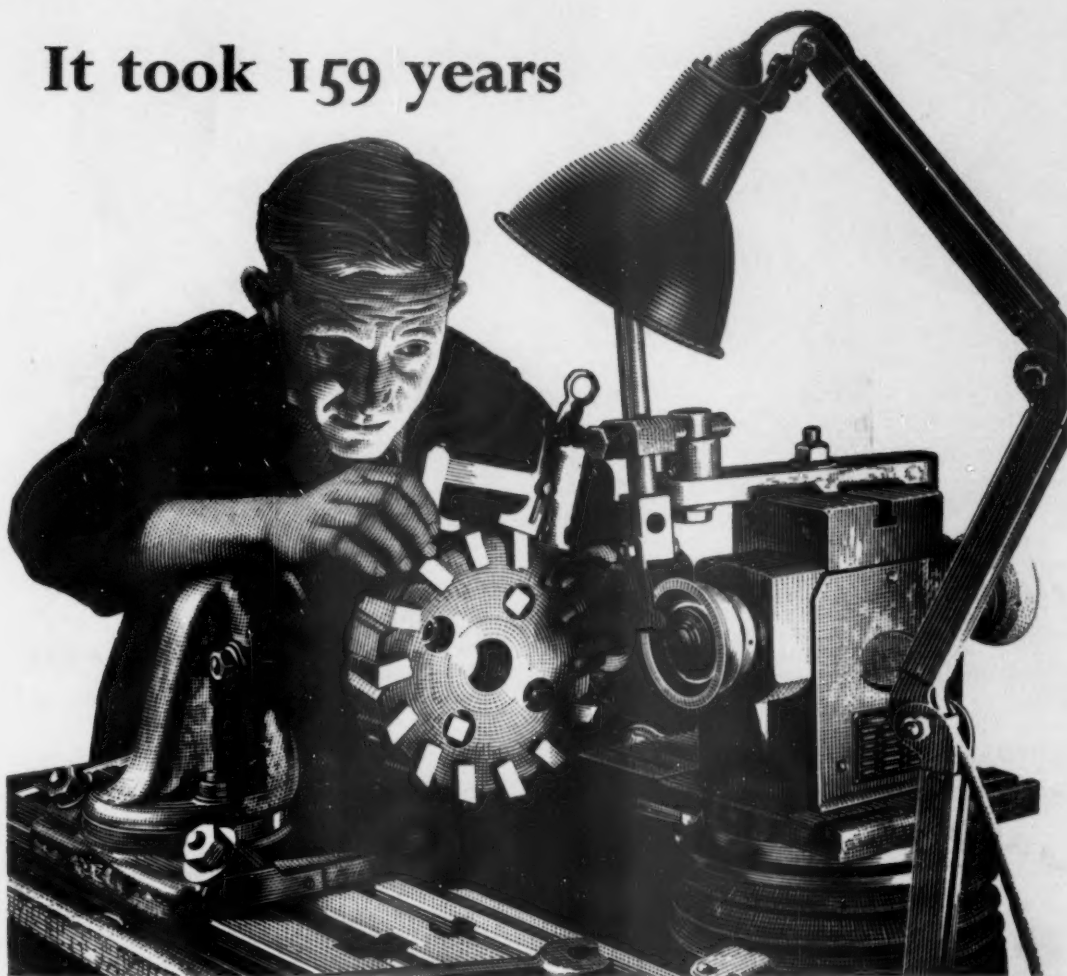
A gas-turbine vessel has crossed the Atlantic. An atomic submarine can travel up to 2,400 miles without surfacing. We look back to the man in the crow's-nest and forward to . . . what? Ships without funnels, flat as the horizon? Ships without screws? Ships without crews? Naval architects and marine engineers have interests nearer to hand which sound more prosaic—the future of aluminium construction, for example. So has TI. But as new principles of propulsion, new speeds and new capacities spring their demands upon engineering ability, TI will be ready, as now, with many of the new component parts.

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MATERIALLY*

*what sort of comfort
 you buy!*



There is comfort and
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Hair" tag on all upholstered furniture and mattresses
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★ **CURLED HAIR** is a natural material which ensures hygiene, comfort and economy to a degree which no manufactured upholstery filling can match. It retains body heat but allows humidity to escape by perfect self-ventilation, is 'non-stent' and odorless; does not crumble, break-up or lose its resilience and springiness in years of use and is non-inflammable. It can be re-stuffed whenever necessary. There is no other filling, however expensive, which can qualify in all these tests.



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**Net result
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BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK



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How time flies! No sooner do

I break the seal on a box of these

wonderful no, ecstatic

Regency Candies than one heavenly mouthful leads to another

and another and another and before I know where I am

sorry darling I *did* mean to save you one!

.... But look! There's another layer!

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If dreams are affected by surroundings, sleep in this room must be *beauty* sleep. And it is to the Vantona Court Bedcover and matching curtains (made from an extra bedcover) that the room owes its character and charm. These rich-textured bedcovers do not crease in use and launder perfectly; designs in Pacific Blue, Lime Green, Coral Pink or Honey.

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DRINK IT..

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IT'S FAR TOO GOOD
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In polished Oak,
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Containing a service of the world-
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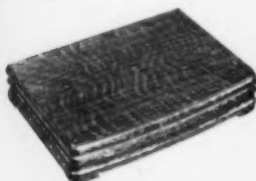
For 6 persons

'Athenian' £29.15 'Rat-tail' £27.10

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Mummy a HOOVER”



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Continuing the display of the

*Courtaulds-Sanderson
Collection of
Ancestral Fabrics*

FOR CENTURIES the great houses of Britain have been literal treasure chests. The beautiful handwoven hangings they enshrine could be admired only by visitors to these historic homes... That is, until the Courtaulds-Sanderson Collection of Ancestral Fabrics revealed many of the loveliest to all appreciative eyes — and offered them, faithfully rendered, to all appreciative homes. Those who have not yet seen these treasures can still do so. The collection will be on view throughout the autumn at Sandersons, Berners Street, London and Newton Terrace, Glasgow, and in many leading furnishing stores throughout the country. It is also being shown in New York by F. Schumacher & Co., and in Stockholm by Eric Ewers A.B.



Other famous houses whose fabrics are represented in the Courtaulds-Sanderson Collection include Alwark Castle, Madresfield Court, Ickworth, Culzean Castle, Burghley House, Broomhall, Oatcree Park, Whittingehame, Althorp, Holkham, Kedleston Hall, Belton House, Knole, and Drummond Castle.



IS HE NEEDING NEW SOCKS RIGHT NOW?

THERE ARE FIVE QUICK QUESTIONS to ask yourself when you plan to buy socks for a man. (1) How long will they last? (2) How often will they need mending? (3) Do they shrink? (4) How comfortable are they? (5) How smart are they?



DAYELLA socks
6/4 A PAIR, ALL SIZES
SPICED FOR EXTRA STRENGTH
AT HEEL AND TOE

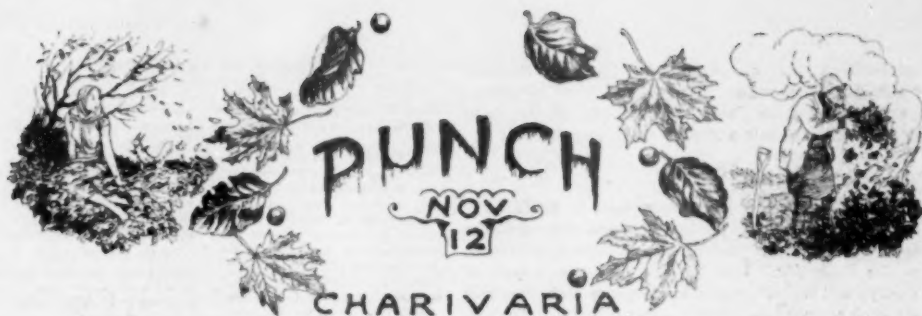
WITH DAYELLA, these questions are answered right away. (1) DAYELLA socks really do last for years — far longer than ordinary socks. The reason for this is the unique way they are made (by the makers of VIYELLA), and spliced for extra strength at heel and toe. (2) They not only last twice as long but — because they don't shrink — they need half the mending of ordinary socks. (3) They are *guaranteed* — "If it shrinks we replace". (4) Comfortable — very: and they preserve their beautifully soft texture for years. (5) There are DAYELLA socks to match every sort of clothes, formal or informal. Always have a few new pairs in his top drawer . . . and you won't need to get any more for as far ahead as you can see. You'll be glad you bought DAYELLA.

There's nothing to equal
'Dayella'

IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF 'VIYELLA' AND 'LYDORAL'
WILLIAM BOLLING & COMPANY LIMITED NOTTINGHAM



SEISMOLOGISTS say that the tidal waves, thirteen feet high, which struck Hawaii on November 4 originated in the Sea of Okhotsk and were caused by an earthquake at Paramushir, just south of the Kamchatka peninsula. So much for the ignorant rumours that they were due to a landslide on the other side of the Pacific.

A letter to a weekly illustrated paper suggests that since a female attendant on an aircraft is called an air hostess a female attendant on a bus ought to be called a bus hostess. Passengers are likely to take up the idea enthusiastically, less in the hope of getting a free champagne lunch than of having a safety-belt to fasten at the stops.

Bath mats decorated with the imprint of a naked foot are said to have sold so briskly that the idea may be extended to include mats with appropriate symbols for the other six days of the week.

As part of his campaign to reform our nursery rhymes, Mr. Geoffrey Handley-Taylor has compiled a pamphlet containing a list of unsavoury episodes calculated to influence the young reader adversely; it includes two cases of racial discrimination, one of kidnapping, one of drunkenness, four of cursing and fourteen of stealing and general dishonesty; also sixteen allusions to misery and sorrow, five to quarrelling and

one to marriage as a form of death. He points out in a footnote that the rhymes also abound in "expressions of fear, weeping, moans of anguish and evidence of supreme selfishness." Perhaps Mr. Handley-Taylor will now feel free to turn his attention to the main news pages of the daily Press.

One of last week-end's political speakers said that too many political speakers waste their time "mouthing outworn phrases." Such as, for instance?

There's the Language Difficulty, Though

"This month by month picture of Scotland, our doings, thoughts, humours and aspirations, will interest not only the generation of home Scots educated to an English pattern that leaves them ignorant of their own land, and exiled Scots who have sentimental ties with the old country, but also our good neighbours in the South without whose interest and goodwill..."

The Scottish Journal

"'I like a guid sheep walk,' says she, 'it fetches the bluid up.' 'To a' appearances it does,' says he, and on the offshot nae doot, he addit, 'And yin steps oot better when yin's by yinself. Ye maun hae come back in hauf the time it took ye to gang.' 'What gars ye say that,' says she, wi' a fleggit kind o' look. 'Och,' says he, 'if ye're ga'n to ca' a man..."

The Scottish Journal

Anyone who has felt a little alarmed at the increasingly extravagant claims of some advertisement copywriters will welcome, as a hint of a return to



X



585



DOUGLAS

moderation, an announcement by the Imperial Smelting Corporation which describes a newly-perfected alloy as "zinc of 99.99+ % purity, with certain other metals added in small quantities."

Mr. Butler's appeal for economies in all Government Departments has produced an immediate response from the Post Office with an announcement, according to the *Daily Mail*, that the new five-shilling book of stamps will contain twelve at twopence-halfpenny and six each at twopence, three-halfpence and a halfpenny.

A Sunday paper reports that furniture manufacturers are once more submitting their products to very careful inspection before sending them out to the public. "With a dining-chair, for example, strength is tested where leg meets seat, front and back . . . by dropping on the seat weights equivalent to a sixteen-stone man slumping on it." Why "equivalent"? Any sixteen-stone man would be glad of the job.

Through the Looking-glass

From an article, "The Most Wonderful People in the World," in the *Daily Mirror*:

"Brothers and sisters (and Mum and Dad, too)—here is an astonishing portrait of you all. One that is all the more remarkable in that you have drawn it—but never seen it. I will show you this self-portrait and there is nothing easier, for here in this office we look at it every day. First of all it is a composite portrait of the eleven million people who read this newspaper every day. The mind cannot grasp the size of our family, but it is quite easy to understand what sort of family it is. Into the *Daily Mirror* every weekday of the year pours the greatest torrent of correspondence received by any publication in the world . . . From all this emerges a reliable, detailed and accurate portrait of you. Yes, You."

From correspondence under the heading "Live Letters" in the *Daily Mirror*:

"Mr. F. Priston writes us from Grove Park (London): My granny has just had her hair permed, and she is eighty-four next birthday."

"From 'Evelyn,' High Park Road, Smethwick: Can you let me know how I can stop my cat hiding under the bed every night?"

"Mr. C. H. Woodward writes from St. Blazey (Cornwall): By always insisting on a window table I generally assure goodly portions and a rapid service in my restaurant."

"Giving her address as Marchmont Road (no town, no county), Miss Matheson asks: Is there a thing that tells you from any distance what you are thinking about? My friend says there is."

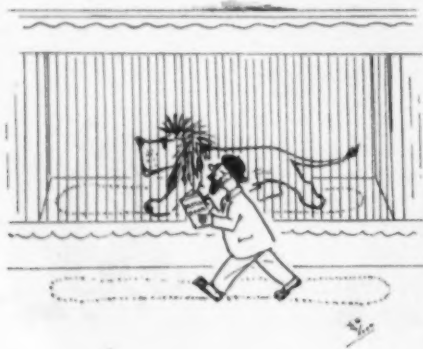
BIRTH OF AN APOPTHEGM

JUST what a mechanical voting machine looks like is not clear. There is a lever over the name of each candidate, and when the voter has pulled down one lever for each post that has to be filled he steps out of the booth; the action of opening the curtain of the booth on the way out causes the machine to record his vote or votes. If he plays the fool and pulls down levers left and right without regard to party or practical politics, the machine, at a guess, rejects his advances and makes no record of the transaction, let him open the curtain never so shrewdly.

So much by way of preamble—except that it ought to be added that machines of this type were not in use in the Wycombe election; in this country people content

themselves with voting for one candidate only and find it easier to make crosses on paper. In America they have recently been choosing (simultaneously) a President, a Vice-President, Senators, Representatives, Members of State Assemblies, Judges, District Attorneys and, for all one knows, Chiefs of Homicide Bureaux, and also recording their views on specific proposals such as an Old Age Pension plan for Californians. In Miami voters had to express their opinions on a series of amendments to the State's Constitution. So they prefer, over there, to pull levers rather than make crosses; and even so some of them were spending up to half an hour in the booths.

That's all that need be said to set the scene—though I see that General Eisenhower had a piece of plaster on his head when he went to vote at 420 West 119th Street. This does not mean that a piece of plaster fell on his head when he went to vote. Americans arrange their balloting more efficiently than that. It was a small clock that hit him while he was posing for photographs in Boston the previous evening, and the plaster was simply to cover the cut. Even so, something remains to be explained. It is not clear why the action of photographing a Presidential candidate should cause a small clock to fall on his head. One has to stand pretty well right under a clock to receive a direct hit, as for instance when meeting friends at Victoria Station, and it looks as though this small one that hit the General must have been on a projecting bracket or shelf of some kind right overhead. If the clock stopped after impact any competent investigator could deduce the exact time of the accident,



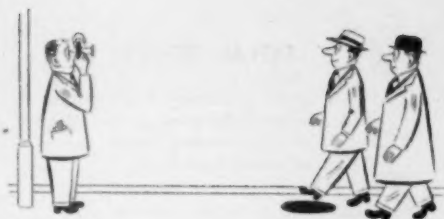
and it might be that that information, if we had it, would enable us to formulate a theory. If the hands were close on the hour, for instance, it could be that the clock was making, at the material time, that buzzing and whirring sound they sometimes emit when about to strike; in which case the vibration could well have caused it to topple over the edge. "The clock," as Housman says in another connection, "collected in the tower its strength—and struck."

Still, it is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data. If the arrangements for taking photographs in America are as advanced as their system of recording votes, one can easily see that a wrong connection somewhere might dislodge a clock the moment the levers were pulled down. Electricity is freakish stuff, and a surge of high potential, directed along the wrong channels, can work wonders. Many of the voting machines themselves got out of hand, according to the newspapers, and cast votes more or less at random, though nobody was hurt, luckily. "Mechanics toured about in taxis to answer calls for help," writes a Special Correspondent, skating over the obvious difficulty that as the machines don't register anything until you open the curtain on your way out it is practically impossible for a tester to catch them registering the wrong thing. This brings up the question of what happens when one side or the other demands a re-register, but this is hardly the place to answer it. We have already spent too long over these introductory paragraphs.

The sole purpose of this article is to help family parties when they settle down on the afternoon of Christmas Day to fill in one of those General Knowledge Papers that circulate at such times. In the section "Who said:" and closely following (a) *History is bunk* and (b) *England does not love coalitions*, will almost certainly be found (c) *This damn thing doesn't work*. The answer to this is "Mr. Bernard Baruch, American elder statesman, on emerging from a mechanical voting booth, November 4, 1952."

Full marks for that. No marks for what General Eisenhower said while being photographed at Boston, November 3, 1952.

H. F. ELLIS



BACK ROOM JOYS

Having Paid Bills

PAYING bills

Is conventionally one of the major ills;
But restitution is made
By bills-having-been-paid.

We have grouped the accounts for action, have cleared
the decks,
Made out and signed the careful laborious cheques,
Folded, enveloped, sealed, addressed, stamped the lot,
Have parted with all we've got—
But the more that's true the more we feel scrubbed and
clean,
Our sense of honour illuminatingly keen,

Actively virtuous, generous even . . . Oh no,
We're not the sort of people ever to owe;
Overlook for a moment, perhaps; mere laziness, yes—
How long have we had that dress?—
But look at that *mass* for the post!
We're certain we're better than most;
We can hear them all saying "She's one of the ones
who pays";
And for several days
We use our account at the shops with a confident
vigour
That makes our succeeding month's bills quite
incredibly bigger. JUSTIN RICHARDSON

ROYAL ROUTE

THE Queen of Britons is not crowned
Nor loved the more on land and sea
By virtue of proceeding round
Eternal streets unendingly.

Small homage to that love we pay
If, like the gazers at a fair,
We stretch the ceremonial way
Too far for mortal strength to bear.

Shake out the maps of London roads,
Ten thousand multiplied by ten
Eager to see, from packed abodes,
Her glittering coach, her mounted men.

But shall the pageant be in vain
Because it was not clearly seen
In Hackney Wick and Willesden Lane
And Bermondsey and Bethnal Green?

The Orb, the Sceptre still are hers
And still the Crown, although the view
Is somewhat distant from The Firs
In Araucaria Avenue.

Better to think that there are parts
Of Empire where the splendour lies
More closely in the people's hearts
Than in the dazzling of their eyes.

EVOE

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN

PEACE-loving people the world over will be shocked to hear of the huge Swiss forces now massing on the frontiers of Tibet under the leadership of the arch criminal Chevalley, whose arrogant communiqué of October 13 shows clearly that a naked violation of international agreements is imminent. From his base headquarters at Khumbu the satanical Swiss leader only awaits the word from Geneva, centre of the aggressive web of the Imperialist spiders of Switzerland, to unleash his terrorist hordes upon the harmless Himalayas.

This blunt attempt by the deceitful blackguards of Berne to enslave the meek millions of Asia by violent means is the first occasion on which this Franco-Italo-German mongrel race has dared to act under its own flag, since it has hitherto cloaked its nefarious activities under the name of the so-called International Red Cross, an infamous organization the colour of whose

cross is symbolical of the innocent blood in which it wades.

In their own country these Alpine adventurers, pretending that they have no territorial claims or interests, have erected with devilish cunning palaces of comfort and ease amid the snowy slopes, and thus entice innocent foreigners into their grisly clasp. They fill them with foul propaganda about their so-called neutrality, strip them of their wealth and encourage them to break their limbs on the hostile crags. It is common knowledge that they are hand-in-glove with the violent vampires of the Vatican, which does not hesitate to employ Swiss mercenaries as the spearhead of its brutal military might.

The ruthless policy of colonial expansion, occupation, and exploitation of oppressed peoples has become a byword in the history of this greedy and grasping people, for what cultured person can restrain a shudder at the mere mention of the name of the infamous family, Robinson. The bestial practices indulged in in every Swiss home are revealed by the study of the life of the toxophilic terrorist Tell, who did not hesitate to risk the life of his poor innocent child in order to demonstrate to his callous cousins his skill in the merciless military arts of the cannibals of the canton.

The Swiss military expedition to Tibet seeks to shelter under a pseudo-scientific cloak by announcing that its objective is to climb Mount Everest. This naïve explanation will deceive no one. It is surely too much to expect us to believe that any country possessing the natural physical properties of Switzerland would send a party half-way round the world simply in order to carry out an exercise in mountaineering. In any case, as all the world knows, Everest was first discovered and climbed in 1762 by the well-known explorers Toplova and Kantaki, who placed a flag on the summit in the name of our great leader, Stalin.

The answer to the riddle is clear. The unscrupulous Swiss seek to establish military bases in Tibet from which to launch an unprovoked attack on the harmless, peace-loving People's Government of China. What we can see in Tibet is not a scientific expedition but a reconnaissance in force; and it is not by chance that these sub-human Swiss savages have left their mark of terror on the peaceful Sherpa folk. Europeans are by now inured to the fiendish "yodel," the war-cry of the Swiss, but it is not to be wondered at that these bestial sounds have struck terror into the hearts of the simple Himalayan villagers who thus encounter for the first time the revolting bellows of Bernese blutlust. The Sherpas, indeed, do not need the help of scientists to solve the mystery of the strange footprints found in the hitherto peaceful snows of the Himalayas. They at least are under no delusions as to the identity of the Abominable Snowmen, and progressive people the world over will join us in expressing our sympathy and solidarity with the stout defenders of freedom in their gallant struggle against the tyrannous, warmongering, mad and sinister Anglo - American - Fascist - Titoist - Turco - Greek - Monarcho-Vatican puppets of the Pentagon.

YOU HAVE TO BE BORN WITH IT

"NOT Thursday," I said. "I have to take a film man to dinner. Make it Wednesday." I spoke with a man-about-town's air, so much easier to carry off on the telephone. If I'd been talking to Westbrook in the flesh I should have found myself explaining that the film man was nothing more than an acquaintance of my aunt's called Vasey, or very probably Riley, who was a chemist, or something, in a camera factory. But Westbrook has a long-standing ascendancy over me. He is a genuine man-about-town, who can get a taxi on a pouring wet day in the rush hour without even looking out from under his umbrella. It's only on the telephone that I can stand up to him.

"Wednesday, then," he said. "I thought we might start at Emile's with a bottle of Chablis and a dozen oysters, then drop in to dine at—"

I let him get out the gilded name before I stopped him. I could

see I was in for another evening of humiliation, with Westbrook lining up managers, chefs and bandleaders at every stop, inquiring after their wives and families and leaving me nothing to contribute but a tired grin. Besides, I'm never quite sure about the etiquette with oysters.

"Oh, really," I said, my tones oozing boredom with high living of this kind—"Why not Crockett's?" The splendour even of Crockett's is something I would hesitate to aspire to alone, but I knew it was the least Westbrook would consider.

"Crockett's," he said. It might have been some coffee-stall in the Old Kent Road. "All right, if you're not too finicky about your stomach-lining. Say six forty-five, in the lounge." He rang off.

I was early. I always am. I arrived at the run, and tried to give my coat to the doorman of the downstairs grill-room, who indicated, without speaking, the correct place for coats. The dining-room proper

is upstairs at Crockett's, with the lounge adjoining. I felt, as I always feel when Westbrook is imminent, that a drink's start would be an advantage, and said "A sherry" to a man in a white Eton jacket. He went away and came back with three gins for the party at the next table. I leaned round my pillar. My table is always behind a pillar. I leaned round and said "Did you get my sherry?" I won't say that he took no notice. He gave me a look but that was all, then or later.

Westbrook was late. He always is. He arrived at the stroll, unbuttoning his coat, and a man was behind him, waiting to take it. Behind him was another man, with two sherrys on a tray. "In the window, Arnold," said Westbrook, not looking at him. I hadn't noticed the vacant table in the window. As a matter of fact, I don't think it was there before Westbrook came in.



"To your health and prosperity," said Westerbrook, taking a sip. Before I could do the same he'd taken my glass and placed it with his own on Arnold's tray. He looked at the man with a sad expression. That was all. And the man—you will never have seen this—blushed. "Sorry, sir," he said. "I'll speak to the barman."

"Do that." Westerbrook's tone was affable. "And send someone with some menus."

When Arnold brought the replacement sherries the head-waiter, with two menus, was trotting behind. He seemed to comprehend perfectly that Westerbrook could scarcely be expected to subscribe to the degrading practice of ordering his dinner in the dining-room. Westerbrook, it seemed clear to the head-waiter, might very well decide to have the actual dinner in the lounge, even if it meant the trifling inconvenience for the management of running up a temporary kitchen nearby.

The menu began with the shameless item, "Lobster Cocktail, 6s. 6d. extra." Westerbrook said "Well, now. Suppose we start with two lobster cocktails, shall we...?"

Well, you know, you can't forbear to admire. In the dining-room the windows overlooked the bustling heart of London, and each one had two tables in it. Except ours. Ours had only one, discreetly distant from the band, near enough to the service-doors, yet far enough away. "You were lucky," I said (like a fool), "to be able to book this."

"Book?" said Westerbrook. His eyebrows went up very slightly. "My dear chap."

The meal was beyond reproach. Beyond mine, at least. Westerbrook sent back his napkin because it was worn a little thin round the monogram, and he had his Neapolitan ice brought for him to see, half-way through the roast duck, in case the colours should prove too garish. There was a little trouble (after Westerbrook had drunk his) over the quality of the brandy, but that was easily put right. As we left the dining-room a man met Westerbrook with his coat. At the street



"Let's just see what they've got in their lunch sandwiches, first."

door I thanked him, and he drove off in a taxi which the commissionaire had had waiting for some minutes. As it was apparently the only disengaged taxi in London I walked, deep in thought, to Charing Cross.

The effect of Westerbrook's company takes three days to wear off. It was unfortunate that my engagement with the film man fell within this period of hypnosis. Otherwise I should never have said to him on the telephone, with a more pronounced man-about-town's air than ever, "I thought Crockett's—I mean, if you're not too finicky about your stomach-lining. Say six forty-five, in the lounge." I rang off.

I was late. I killed ten slow minutes fooling about looking in the lighted windows of closed haberdashers' shops. Then I arrived, at the stroll. I caught the cloakroom man's eye quite definitely as I ascended to the lounge unbuttoning my coat, but he didn't follow me, so I had to go back with it. It was not a promising start, but it did bring me face to face with Arnold, carrying two drinks on a tray, and I was able to give him a warm good evening. He side-stepped in silence and hurried on. There was no sign of the film man downstairs. I had hoped, rather, that I should find

him trying to give his coat to the doorman of the grill-room, but returned upstairs without even this satisfaction. The swing-door of the upstairs dining-room was open, and I beckoned a waiter who seemed to be arranging condiments with all but unshakable concentration. "Send a menu over, will you?" I said, and strolled with iron composure into the lounge, a man whose wish is a waiter's command. He came quickly over and said, icily, "Seven o'clock, sir, we start serving." And he kicked the wooden wedge from under the door, so that it swung to with a faint, derisive puff. When I turned, hot words mounting, he was only a dwindling shadow behind the glass.

"It's all right," said a voice. "I've got one."

It was the film man—Travers, Spivey, whatever his damn name was—sitting at a table I hadn't noticed. He had two menus, and two men. One was the head-waiter, notebook poised, and the other was Arnold, bending low with two drinks on a tray.

"Barman's apologies," he was saying to my guest, "and he trusts these will be more to your satisfaction."

I took mine and drank it before I spoke. It tasted terrible.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



THE Principal of the Royal

College of Art insists that floral patterns are and always will be the most profitable source of inspiration for designers in ceramics and textiles. So at one of the six scattered buildings that house the college he has built a fine greenhouse and stocked it with a tropical profusion of plants. The visitor peers through the window and spots strange figures moving purposefully among the foliage; students working at their easels; young men and women in bright tartans, smocks and overalls, translating the lively patterns of nature into the formal rhythmic abstractions of modern industrial design.

The college as a whole (if we can reassemble for a moment the fragments dotted about in South Kensington) is like the greenhouse—gay, lively, forceful and down-to-earth. And highly productive. Since the reorganization of the college in 1948 the number of students has grown rapidly and British industry has been supplied with a stream of competent designers. In the nick of time,

Until a few years ago art and industry were not on speaking terms. The manufacturer distrusted the designer and the designer scorned the industrialist; the manufacturer clothed his products in art copied, after a fashion, from earlier products, and the disgusted designer retired to his studio to paint stags at bay and still-life portraits of fish and mandolins. All this friction and frustration had disastrous results; the shops filled up with machine-made eye-sores and the art galleries with junk.

Who was to blame? An "Arts Inquiry" report, *The Visual Arts* (1946), has rapped the Royal College of Art very hard over the knuckles—"Its training in design lacked realism. Unsuitable premises and inadequate equipment hindered development at every turn . . . The College made insufficient effort to gain the co-operation of industry and a sense of 'amateurishness' pervaded the Design School." So there! No wonder the manufacturers turned up their noses!

The Royal College of Art has

had a troubled history. It was set up in rooms at Somerset House in 1837 (when it was known as the Central School of Design) and its primary purpose was to train artists and craftsmen for industry. It failed. For fifty years and more it "failed almost completely . . . training was confined to paper work and little practical instruction was given." The taxpayer grumbled, Select Committees sat, reforms were adumbrated. One view was that the school needed official encouragement in "practical art," so on the death of the Duke of Wellington the students were invited by the Board of Trade to assist in the design and production of a suitable funeral car.

As the apex of the national system of education in art the college achieved considerable renown: in 1841 it began to train art masters for the newly-established local art schools, and many of its painters and sculptors won fame and fortune. But it made very little progress under its original terms of reference. In 1939 it was still only on distant nodding terms with industry.

It took a war and the prospect of an apparently interminable economic crisis to shake industry, the designers and the Government into some kind of harmony. Design quite suddenly lost its forlorn esoteric halo and became a matter of exports, dollars and bread-and-butter. The Government set up the Council of Industrial Design (which has done excellent work in the field of propaganda, notably with wholesale buyers and retail customers) and carried out a complete reconstruction of the Royal College of Art. Last year the college was incorporated under the Companies Act as a company limited by guarantee, and the first of its objects, as listed in the Memorandum and Articles of Association (that's the kind of language the industrialist understands!), is now "to provide advanced teaching and to conduct research in the Fine Arts and in the principles of art and design in relation to industrial and commercial processes."

The fine arts have not been awamped by the new emphasis on industrial design: on the contrary—as Mr. Robin Darwin, the new Principal, vehemently demonstrates to all doubters—the fine arts are now nourished at the college more carefully than ever, for they are regarded not only as of fundamental importance in themselves but as the essential inspiration of the industrial designer. This visitor had no doubts, and was permitted to leave his inspection of the schools of painting, sculpture, engraving and stained glass for another day. *En passant*,

however, he was pleased to learn that a distinguished professor of fine art can play above-ha'penny with a humble messenger-boy without suffering any loss of face. (This visitor paints only what he sees and has the Principal's permission to do so.)

Already the college has many satisfied clients in industry—in textiles, pottery, glass, furniture, plastics, fashion, silversmithing, commercial or graphic art, interior decoration and engineering: every year a large part of the students' experimental work is sold and put into manufacture, and much more is commissioned. Most of the schools that make up the faculty of industrial design are now equipped to produce goods on a commercial scale—almost. They are indeed miniature factories. The school of ceramics, for example, has gas and electric tunnel kilns, pug mills, dryers, throwing wheels, jiggers, jolleys and the last word in the paraphernalia of photo-lithography; the school of textile design has looms galore, printing tables, washing, drying and dyeing machines; the school of wood, metals and plastics has plant and gadgets called power-hacksaws, spot welders, tube benders, pantographs, milling machines, planers, morticers, routers, veneer presses, lathes of all sizes, nibblers and much more.

It follows from all this that it takes a good two and a half hours to make a cursory, non-stop tour of the college and to shake hands with the galaxy of talent that the Principal has assembled as professors, tutors and readers. One of Bernard Shaw's maxims for revolutionists states that he who can does, while he who cannot teaches, and the history of the R.C.A. in the nineteenth century provides a fair amount of proof of this monstrous Shavian taunt. The present staff, however, make the dictum sound rather silly, for they are without any doubt among the most successful practitioners in their various fields. They were responsible for much of the design in the Festival of Britain



—pavilions, sculptures, murals, typography, pottery, furniture, paintings, stamps and flags and the official emblem. Proof, as they say, positive.

After a hard day's march this visitor is in no condition to quarrel seriously, on any level, with any part of the college curriculum. So nothing will be said about the course in interior decoration which starts with mud huts and shanties

built on piles over rivers. But this visitor, in all humility, questions the wisdom of setting furniture-designing freshmen the initial task of designing a chair. Chairs, my dear Professor of Wood, Metals and Plastics, are not, surely, for beginners. A chair can be designed satisfactorily only by men (or women) who have a vast experience of chairs, who have been chairmen, who have known joy and misery in their sitting, who have sat, as this visitor has, through long hours at Lord's, the Albert Hall, lectures on political economy and annual pig club meetings, who have sat and sat and sat . . . Let the students kick off with something more simple, a radio-tele-gramo-bar, or something. But not with a chair. *Articles (like this) are made by fools like me, But only a professorial occupant can make a chair out of a tree.*

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





THE MOODIE CHRONICLES

THE ORACLE

IN a largely matriarchal society, such as the family of my Great-aunt Susan, the male tends to be placed on a pedestal—not so much for purposes of admiration as to get him out of the way; but with the passage of time the original motive is forgotten and in its place is discovered a spurious and antedated reverence. The dim figure becomes a powerful presence, jealous and omniscient, a short-sighted visionary, a disinterested partisan, independent in judgment but curiously at one with the prevailing matriarch.

Such a one, perhaps, was Alderman Willoughby Moodie, Great-aunt Susan's late husband, who from his place above the mantelpiece surveyed our family gatherings around the dining-room table with an expression of embarrassed humility, his lips faintly curved in a manner which reminded one of the Mona Lisa, but whose elusive expression had its origin in the fact that the portrait painter had had his price beaten down below the bare minimum by my great-aunt, so that instead of engaging his sitter in distinguished chat about the leading figures of the City Council he had confined himself to the repeated observation that it wouldn't even cover his expenses.

Nevertheless, and for all his pale eyes, feminine nose, and gentle wayward chin, Willoughby Moodie, twenty years after his passing, was a power in the house and an authority over his daughters, alternately inscrutable—"What your father would have thought, *I don't* know!"—and embarrassingly direct—"I only know what your father would have thought." Sometimes for whole months he would rest peacefully within his heavy gilt frame, acquiescent and even uninterested in what was going on, and then he would suddenly pounce from a clear sky—"Your father would never have agreed!"

In the particular family activity of providing for her daughters' future it was therefore to be

expected that Great-aunt Susan should have looked to the alderman for his help, and she did not look in vain. Aunt Clara had admittedly got rather beyond control by her singular manner of becoming a widow, but even here my great-uncle rallied round. After a more than usually bitter argument with Great-aunt Susan, Aunt Clara's husband had fled to Canada, leaving behind a scribbled note to the effect that he hoped his health and sanity would be restored by having the Atlantic Ocean between him and the whole tribe of Moodies. Great-aunt Susan bore the news stoically: "For all practical purposes," she said, "Osbert has passed on . . ." But the master-stroke was Alderman Willoughby's. "We shall go into mourning," Great-aunt Susan announced. "It is what your father would have wished."

There remained Auntie George, the younger daughter, whose inability to get herself married was a source of intermittent concern to her mother, so that, when the fit was on her, she would bestir herself vigorously and a new young man would make his appearance in the family circle.

How long he remained depended in the first instance upon factors outside my great-aunt's immediate control, such as the young man's stamina, sensitiveness, agility and footwork; but if he chanced to continue his visits a far-away look would come into Great-aunt Susan's eye and she would begin to talk about ascertaining his intentions. This would be the beginning of the

second phase which, if it resembled anything, was perhaps like a game of Snakes and Ladders. The ladders were abstractions and began with capital letters: the young man's Position, his Prospects, and—more vaguely—his Attitude. There was also something highly esoteric, his "Style," which might start off as a ladder and suddenly turn itself into a snake.

The game rarely moved out of the lower half of the board, most of the competitors getting no farther than the second line. An exception was Walter Bibble, who was brought in one autumn evening, ostensibly—and rather improbably—to discuss with Great-aunt Susan the formation of a Young People's Badminton Club.

Mr. Bibble's rise was meteoric. His Position and Prospects, ascertained in the first half-hour, were impeccable; and his Attitude—largely expressed in the words "I couldn't agree with you more!"—reminded Great-aunt Susan pleasantly of her late husband. Mr. Bibble's visits became regular, and as time passed even Auntie George showed a certain interest in him.

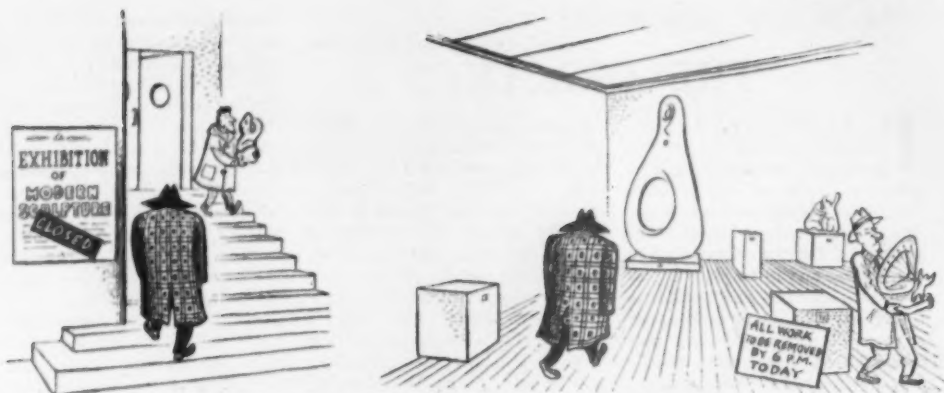
All seemed set fair, and although the engagement had not been announced, discussion moved on to domestic details. Great-aunt Susan suggested, as tentatively as her powerful personality would permit, that, of course, Mr. Bibble would make his home with us. The young man did not flinch, and questions concerning the actual wedding were canvassed. How was it to be effected with decent ceremony but without the Hope Street Moodies flocking to the church and—worse—to the reception? At last, even the date was settled.

It was at this point, with Walter Bibble to all intents and purposes "Home," that Great-aunt Susan suddenly and without warning cast another snake in his path: "June . . ." she said, ruminatively. "That will give you nice time to make all your arrangements, and plenty of time to change your name."

"My name?" Mr. Bibble said, thinking he had misheard.

Great-aunt Susan's features at once rearranged themselves in a





smile of the utmost grimness. "You would hardly expect a daughter of mine to become a Mrs. Bibble," she said.

Mr. Bibble said he was one of the Wirral Bibbles, and Great-aunt Susan observed that that was all the more reason. The discussion became heated. Unerringly my great-aunt had probed her way to the hard core of the otherwise malleable young man. It was the end. Mr. Bibble descended into the obscurity from which he had been raised.

The aftermath was faintly uneasy, as though we had been the unwilling witnesses of Great-aunt Susan's over-indulgence at a ritual feast. The house was divided: satiety and a touch of indigestion on the one hand, and something of a void on the other. A brooding silence hung over our meals.

At the end of the fourth day Great-aunt Susan seemed to feel that the reaction had persisted long enough. "Some people might think me unreasonable," she said, with a supreme effort of the imagination, "to have requested that unfortunate young man to change his name"—she paused weightily—"but I happen to know it was the least your father would have expected . . ."

Her words seemed to hang in the air. No one spoke, but the silence was heavy with disbelief. The voice was the voice of the oracle, but for once it had quite failed to convince.

Great-aunt Susan sensed the moment's danger and was to be seen casting about in her mind for the resource to meet it. She rose from the table and walked across to the drawer where she kept her private papers. She rummaged for a while and finally produced a piece of old and yellowing newspaper, folded to display a paragraph which had been enclosed in a heavy purple square: *A Marriage has been arranged and will take place between SUSAN, Only Daughter of MR. AND MRS. CHAMPHORN MOODIE, The Homestead, Lower Upton, and MR. WILLOUGHBY MOODIE (né Kneebone).*

A faint sigh went up from the tea-table as the contents of the paragraph were assimilated. It was a difficult moment for everyone, including the alderman. We avoided his gaze and followed Great-aunt Susan into the drawing room where hung the portraits of her own parents.

"Your father was one of the Knaresborough Kneebones," she said to Auntie George, as soon as we were seated. "They all had to change their name. Your grandfather would never have been satisfied with less—and your grandmother told them so."

HELPMET

IN a book called *Stopping Smoking* Which I picked up at the station I found a hint that showed imagination. It seems you leave a cigarette just poking Out of a brand-new packet on the table; This is a Symbol of the dread Temptation, A concentration Of the whole lure of smoking. One is able To look at it with proud deliberation And murmur "Can This trivial cylinder defeat the Will of Man?" Then, passing by, erect, austere, One sucks a gum with conscience twice as clear.

I met this challenge with a certain zest And set the trap with tremulous delight; But every time I went to take my test My wife had been there first and failed outright.

HOW TO MAKE AN OMELETTE WITHOUT BREAKING EGGS



ANY reasonably keen bird's-nester knows that one! Prick a hole at each end of the egg, place one against your mouth and blow the contents into the mixing pan, leaving the shell unbroken, just punctured and easily repairable with quick-setting cement.

A much harder problem is how to unscramble eggs. The secret is to take a careful look at this verb "unscramble." It means "remove from a state of being scrambled," and this can be done forwards, by converting them into something fresh, just as legitimately as backwards, by restoring the status quo. Dry out the scrambled egg in a hot oven, mix with nutmeg and use to distract attention from the outsides of sandwiches.



Whilst an orator's supporters egg him on, his opponents egg him off, and this is but one more example of the endless uses of the egg in politics. Some politicians are hard-boiled, some soft-shelled, and puns can be made by confusing yolks with yokes. The more one delves into the subject the more there turns out to be in it. A proverb says "It is very hard to shave an egg," and one must perforce agree before passing on to remark that in 1858 Augustus Egg painted "Past

and Present: a triple picture of a faithless wife."

Then there is not putting all one's eggs in the same basket, and this raises the question of where the rest should go—in another basket? in a valise? in egg-cups? When racing, one puts eggs on spoons; when poaching, on toast or spinach. Ostrich eggs are sometimes put, amid feathers and barbola work, in drawing-rooms. According to the twenty-fourth edition of *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates* great quantities of eggs were imported from Italy through the St. Gotthard tunnel, and these could surely not have been put in the same basket. It would have required an insane amount of plaiting and sewing-on of wheels, and one shudders to think of the slow progress of this wicker-worm in and out of the tunnel and its long snakelike trail across the French countryside.

There is, of course, much more that I could say about eggs, but I am stinting myself because I want to leave room to point out that if the noise from aircraft is not dealt with quickly the public will go all Luddite and unprogressive and smash aircraft up whenever they land. In the sky these machines are efficient and unapproachable and



haughty; but on the ground they are much more helpless than horses or elephants or other early modes of transport. They need the most elaborate arrangements to get them into the air at all. Soon the residents near airports will realize that, instead of waiting for them to become airborne and then shaking futile fists at them as they zoom round, it is much more effective to poke umbrellas into them while they are still on the runways.

We are always being told how grateful we should be to aeroplanes because they attacked the enemy for us in the war; but so did tanks and submarines and artillery, and nobody suggests that these should be allowed to make disturbances in peace-time. Once airmen found that they had to stay up in the sky all the time to avoid getting their planes pulled to pieces they would soon invent ways of keeping planes quiet. Scientists can think of things very fast when they have to—consider degaussing. Mass action by the public would mean that pilots would avoid Northolt and Gatwick and deposit their cargoes of millionaires in remote glens. Trade would drop off. It would be dreadful. From a purely military point of view this plane-wrecking would be helpful to the country. All the noise that is taken for granted at present will help to warn the enemy (radar or no radar) that our brave lads are on the way. The R.A.F. has never really grasped the essential part in warfare played by Stealth.

The only trouble is that if people accused you of conducting your campaign against noise too destructively you could not reply "You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs," because I have already shown this statement to be untrue.

R. G. G. PRICE

"POLICE STATION BALLACULISH"

For sale this building containing 3 rooms, Kitchen, W.C., and Scullery. There is also an Annex to corrugated iron built on a concrete foundation containing two cells and a charge-room. Immediate entry.—*Oban Times*

Ah, but the exit—!

SALES-EXPECTANCY

ONCE rather desperately took a correspondence course in practical psychology in the hope that it would enable me to boost up my agricultural-lime sales for Marvelime Limited, the graph in the Quarry office having pitched down so steeply as to constitute, in its way, a record.

My tutor began by pointing out that my everyday habitual consciousness was inadequate to produce sales worthy of my potentialities. This I accepted as sound. He urged me to cultivate sales-expectancy. "Whenever you approach a contact," his advice ran, "believe buoyantly that you have already made a sale"; but despite much effort I found myself obstinately continuing to believe that I had not made a sale unless I had.

To assist myself psychologically I even made the experiment of thanking farmers for orders which they had not yet given me; but the result was an even stronger conviction that no sales had been made.

In this impasse my tutor's counsel was to employ auto-suggestion; and I therefore said to myself expectantly, just before going to sleep each night: "I have made lime-sales to all the farmers I shall meet to-morrow." At first I had to be firm with my everyday habitual consciousness, which tried to start a psychologically unimportant argument about syntax.

A couple of weeks later Mr. George, the Managing Director, called me into the Quarry office and told me that a long-standing farmer customer had sent a somewhat unusual letter of complaint.

"He states," said Mr. George, tapping his pencil-point reflectively on an open double-sheet of notepaper, "that when our lime-sales representative called on him recently it proved impossible to get around to the subject of lime. He made repeated attempts to wedge an order for lime into the conversation or monologue (as he puts it), but had no success. He admits that he received a generous amount of

advice, which may at some time be invaluable to him, on how to grow better mangels by the use of auto-suggestion; but his sole wish was to order lime. It was the first occasion, I understand, on which he had found himself unable to interrupt a salesman long enough to give him an order. Perhaps you would care to comment on this."

Fortunately, by a flash of insight, I was able to explain to Mr. George that no conscious fault of mine was involved; that my subconscious, charged nightly with the notion that the next day's sales were already accomplished, had no doubt been concerned to save me from the gaffe of attempting to make the same sales over again when I met the farmer in question. I had been puzzled myself by my avoidance of the topic of lime in my talks with farmers recently; but I could hardly reproach my subconscious for being thorough. I hoped my explanation, which I believed to be psychologically sound, satisfied him.

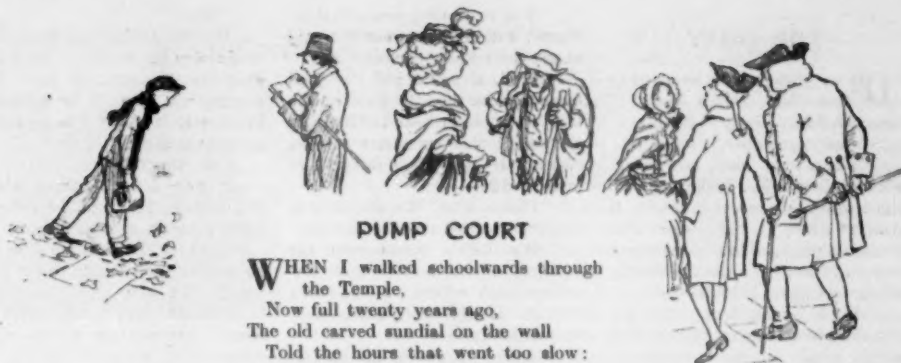
Mr. George kindly replied that he looked on my explanation as sound and nothing but sound.

Feeling pleasantly flattered, I thanked him and withdrew; but he called me back to add that for some time his subconscious had been insisting that the sales position was far from what it ought to be. Unless it improved markedly within the next fortnight, he was very much afraid his subconscious would compel him, much as his conscious might deplore it, to terminate my agreement with the Company.

Thoroughly depressed at the lamentable failure of practical psychology to measure up to the needs of a mind of my calibre, I concluded that the only thing to do was to drop it. Accordingly, in bed that night, at my usual time for cultivating sales-expectancy, I coldly refrained from making any auto-suggestions.

In fact I said aloud, scornfully: "Auto-suggestion! Huh! A fat lot of orders I shall get to-morrow!"

I did.



PUMP COURT

WHEN I walked schoolwards through
the Temple,
Now full twenty years ago,
The old carved sundial on the wall
Told the hours that went too slow:

And as I walked down through Pump Court,
Through Pump Court,
Through Pump Court,
I heard the London church bells ring
And the Thames tugs' hooters blow.

And I never thought in those years
When I watched the Fountain play
That I'd hold a hose in Pump Court
On a grim historic day:

But the bombs came down on Pump Court,
On Pump Court,
On Pump Court,
Ripped down the dusty chambers,
Swept the Cloisters right away.

Now the builders have been busy—
I have watched the brick walls grow—
New Pump Court towers above the trees,
The lawyers pace below:

And as I go down through Pump Court,
Through Pump Court,
Through Pump Court,
I hear the London church bells ring
And the Thames tugs' hooters blow.



THE DIARY

"DO we always have to listen to that 'Mrs. Dale's Diary'?" demanded Mr. Bigley irritably.

"Now, now, dear."

"There's no 'Now, now, dear' about it," said Mr. Bigley with all the restraint he could muster. It wasn't much. "However that woman is supposed to sit down every day and record the most blatantly trivial incidents, I don't—"

"Do be quiet, dear. You get irritable now you're retired and sitting about all day. Hush! I think Gwen is really in trouble this time. Her young man is proving difficult."

"I don't wonder at it. I hope she gets violently depressed about it and hangs herself in the cupboard under the stairs."

"You're exciting yourself, dear. There! I didn't hear what Bob said about the missing carrots."

"Well, if you'd got the good sense to work the little knob on the left you wouldn't hear the reply he got about their pointless carrots, either. If Mrs. Dale thinks I'm interested in—"

"Please, dear! Dr. Dale is getting very worried about something."

"His wife's predilection for cackling about herself and her unimportant affairs, I shouldn't wonder. Really, that woman must be absolutely—"

"Shush! Now, of all things, that frightful Susie—I think it's Susie—woman is coming to stay with them."

"Serve her right. No doubt she'll be fed on carrots—if they find them—and slabs from this pointless diary. All I can say is—"

"Dear!"

But Mr. Bigley was determined to develop his theme. "Does that Dale creature seriously think that anyone will actually be interested in these trivia? Why does she bother to write it down?"

"Be QUIET!"

A pained look passed across Mr. Bigley's face, and he resigned himself to an injured silence.

But just before he went to bed he walked purposefully to the sideboard. In one of the drawers he found a little book, which he opened immediately at the right date.

"Dull day," he wrote. "Plumber called in morning to see about cistern. Fothergill next door had impertinence to say he thought his cabbages better than mine. Joan told me I was shortly to be a grandfather again."



"Then, of course, there'll be the usual search fee."



"CINERAMA," a new cinema medium disclosed a few weeks ago to New York, will certainly give the movies a new lease on life. Its first run is a sell-out at all performances. Its advent is worth comparing with the introduction of sound to the screen, and although Cinerama is not truly three-dimensional, the effect

achieved by its triple-lens camera and its three synchronized projectors makes previous techniques seem primitive indeed. Reviewers were bowled over by the opening performance; their affirmatives were so sweeping the next morning that scarcely anything was left for the weeklies to report later on, with the result that the latter seemed to hem and haw a shade too conscientiously about the few kinks in the process that remain to be straightened out. The kinks are there, but so were the piping voices, the lips, and the tinny echoes in the first sound-films. One kink is the distortion of the image on the screen when it is viewed from the side sections of seats. The other is a line of demarcation which appears from time to time between the three films projected, but this seemed more a defect of adjustment than of basic design. Some critics felt that the new method is suitable only for large, spectacular subjects, and that more intimate occasions would be swallowed up in it; yet the demonstration program's shots of Mr. Lowell Thomas, the narrator, in his study came off comfortably enough to suggest no difficulties of that sort.

AMERICAN VIEWPOINT

The main fact about Cinerama is that it puts on a theater screen almost everything that the "peripheral vision" of the human eye takes in. The average range of man's vision is 165° horizontally and 60° vertically, and Cinerama, according to its sponsors, reproduces an image 146° by 55°. The viewer thus has before him much the same optical frame of reference as in reality. This, in turn, is supported by sound effects which Cinerama's new method renders almost as convincing as its picture. One doubts that "stereophonic" will become a household word, but it is not wide of the mark when applied to what Cinerama achieves by the use of six "omni-directional" microphones in the production process and eight separately controlled amplifying

speakers, strategically located behind the screen, and at the sides and rear of the theater. In a color sequence

showing the square of St. Mark's in Venice, for example, the sweep and spaciousness of the picture are stunning, yet the sound is equally persuasive: from pigeons, in the center, comes the sound of fluttering wings; at the left, one hears the footfalls of a passer-by; at the right, blending realistically but also distinctly where they belong, are the lapping of waves on a float and the creak of its mooring lines. Neither Cinerama's picture nor its sound effects could be achieved with an ordinary cinema screen and speakers. A huge concave screen, 51 feet wide and 26 feet high—about six times as large as a standard screen—is part of the essential equipment. Three special projection booths are needed, and these must be located on the

same level as the screen, instead of above it as in conventional installations. The cost of converting a theater for Cinerama is put in the neighborhood of £20,000,

in addition to rental charges on the projection and sound equipment. A considerably larger operating crew is needed for the extra booths and the sound equipment; moreover the projection and sound apparatus itself requires the most minute accuracy of adjustment and synchronization, and only a specially trained technical staff can be depended on to keep it all in good order. But there are probably enough empty seats in most film theaters nowadays to warrant these costs, if future Cinerama productions are anything like as good as the first one. TV was about to devour the films, but it will need some years of development before it can hope to assimilate Cinerama.

About 50 theaters in the larger U.S. cities will be converted to Cinerama within the next year or two. Toronto will have an installation, but arrangements in Great Britain await the outcome of dickering on licensing fees and foreign exchange problems.

* * * * *

Readers who remember Dan Allender, dark horse candidate for the Presidency (this page, June 11 1952), will be glad to hear that he did not go down without a struggle. His pamphlet "We Need a Referee for President" was published in September, "a little late," as he says, "but just in time to work up steam for our system." Some steam, at any rate, was worked up in the pamphlet. "I am not a boisterous candidate," claimed the Referee, "it isn't my way to holler, call people rats, liars, crooks, skunks, drunks or scoundrels . . . I am sure I don't have eloquence . . . I have had no demonstrations, but honesty and modesty flows from my heart. Even after having attended the ugly, licentious, infectious, contaminated convention." "My personality, I hope," adds Mr. Allender later on, "radiates to your satisfaction." It certainly radiates.

CHARLES W.
MORTON



BLIND SCHOOL

HALF in darkness, half in light,
we blind re-learn to read and write,
exploring with uncertain hands
the shadowiest of borderlands;
for, to perplex us more, we find
at first our fingers too are blind.

(The house where we dwell fronts tranquilly
a sunken garden, and a sea
half-guessed in gleams of pearly slate
most lovely—indeterminate;
even the full-blind sense its light.)

Eager for Braille, our fingers meet
the baffling dots on the thick, smooth sheet,
Ah! fingers would run, where our wiser feet
walk cautiously in the new, strange paths,
while Memory masters the simple matha
of counting the paces, steps and turns
from sunken garden to class-room door.

Here, kindergarten-wise, one learns
the simplest tasks that the hands can do:
string-bag, punching a score
of even holes in a square of leather,
lacing a lamp-shade's wings together.

Fumbling and halting, slower than snail,
twisting a peg with a loop of string,
nudging at holes with a leather thong—
each hand five-thumbed, and the job done wrong—
we struggle to master each unseen Thing,
the pads of our fingers aching for Braille.

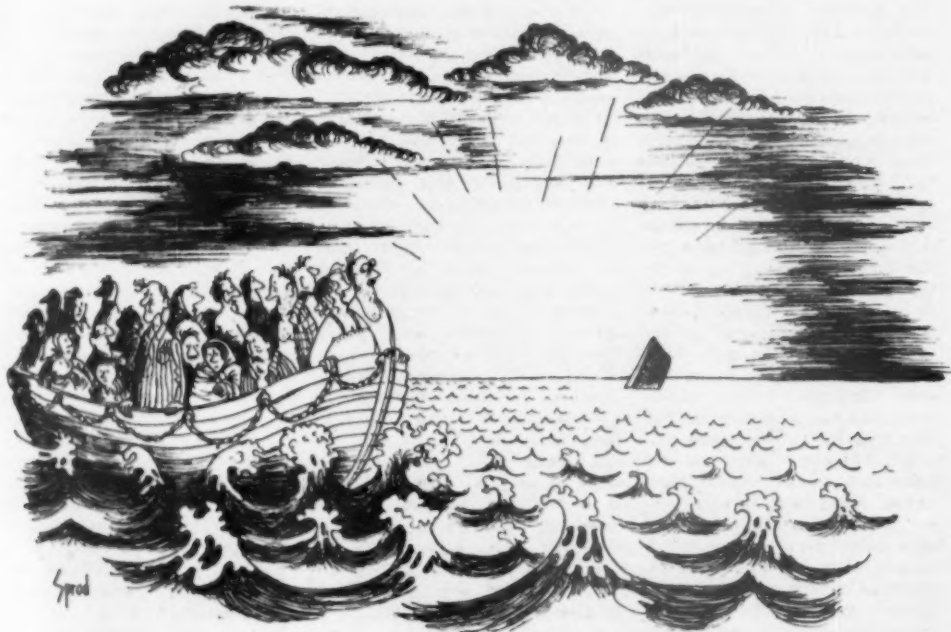
A break for the clatter of forks and spoons:
so pass the mornings, the afternoons.

Hands that were certain must forget
the skill of a hundred trades and let
muscle and nerve become limber and supple.
Again and again we couple, uncouple
nuts and bolts of the most minute
size till our touch grows more acute,
the fumbling fingers begin to fly,
and over and over Memory
rubs in the lesson of shape and size.

Deftly our hands make loops and knots,
more surely glide over the Braille's pricked
dots,

tap at a keyboard like birds in flight,
learning again to read and write—
less in darkness and more in light.

R. C. SCRIVEN



"I hope you've got the tickets safe so we can claim a refund."

THE MAN CAME OUT

THE man came out into the street, blinking in the strong daylight. I sighed with contentment and settled more comfortably into my chair. "This is going to be good," I said.

I said it to myself, but my wife, dressed to go out, came in and took me up. "What do you mean," she said, "going to be good? You've only read a paragraph or two. You can't tell."

"I've only read a sentence," I said, "but I like it. It's going to be good, all right. *The man came out into the street, blinking in the strong daylight.*" I read it in the listless, detached, rather sinister way it was written. "Do you see what I mean?" I said.

"I don't see it," my wife said. "So the man came out into the street? So what? Well, he had to, or you wouldn't have known what he was up to, and I suppose that's what the story's about."

I snorted. "Nonsense!" I said. "You could have followed his movements just as well inside. But the act itself, don't you see, the act of coming out—"

"Not if you were outside," my wife said.

"But I needn't be outside."

"No more you need. But you are. *He came out*, you said, not *he went out*. If you'd been inside, he'd have gone, not come. That's what I mean. He had to come out, or you wouldn't know what he did."

"Well, anyhow," I said, "that's immaterial. He came out, whether he had to or not. But it's the way he came out—don't you see?"

"What way?"

"Well—blinking." My wife stared at me and pursed her lips. "Sort of furtive," I said, "don't you see? Like an animal coming out of its den. The house is dark inside, do you see? You can tell there is dirty work going on in there."

"But you're outside."

"Yes, yes, I know. But that's the suggestion. He comes out into the daylight—into the open, honest sunlight—"

"And you're waiting for him."



"Now she's got this riding craze—can't talk about anything but jodhpurs and hair-ribbons and freckles and teeth-braces."

"No. Yes. Well, all right. But what does he do?"

"He blinks. He could have been looking at television. I often do it myself."

I tried another line. "*The man came out*," I said. "*The man*—sort of bare and remote, don't you see? No personality, just a figure. Not Mr. Goodchild came out, or Mr. Kennaway came out, or even Patrick Hogan came out. Just *The man*. It all fits in."

"Fits in with what?"

"Oh—" I waved my hands.

"The mystery, the furtiveness, the strong contrast of light and shade. Mr. Goodchild wouldn't have blinked. His house was full of sunlight, with roses in silver bowls. Mr. Kennaway—well, I suppose he might have blinked, but there would have been an explanation. He would have been doing something characteristic and endearing, like stamp-collecting or scientific experiments, or something old-fashioned, like just reading."

"But you wouldn't know—"

"You'd have been *told*, don't you see? But what are you told about this man? Nothing. Not even his name. He is just a cipher, one of the teeming millions—"

"But he *had* a name. He had to, if you come to think of it. They couldn't just call him Teeming."

"But we're not interested."

"Who's not?"

"I'm not. The author's not. We have no human interest in the man. We just watch him dispassionately. We don't even want to know his name."

My wife sighed. "But you do know it," she said. "You said just now—I thought you remembered."

I shut the book and stared at her. "Remembered what?" I said.

"You know," she said, "the kidnapping gang with the old house on the Sussex downs and the homicidal chauffeur. You said it was rotten. I'm going out anyhow."

"Not the thin man who kept cracking his knuckles!"

"That's right. I thought—shall I change it?"

"Not Patrick Hogan?"

"That's right. What they call ananimesis. I was going out anyhow."

I handed it over and walked to the window. Downstairs the hall door shut with a brisk bang. I cracked my knuckles, blinking in the strong daylight.

P. M. HUBBARD



"Sending-in Day, I believe, for the Coronation Lamp-post Design Contest . . ."

PARTY PLAY

"WHAT d'you mean, talking in dialogue?"

"Well, you know, talking like a play on the wireless. The way we hear ourselves talking when we're day-dreaming how we'd say things. The right words in the right order, phrases nicely felt, emotion balanced neatly on the end of the tongue. Trouble is, you need the right openings. They don't have to worry about *that* on the wireless."

"I suppose they don't. How d'you mean, exactly?"

"Well, sometimes you can make 'em, sometimes you can't. Depends on who it is. Needs a woman, really. Look, over there—no, don't, she's wandering this way. I thought she would. Cucumber sandwich and lemonade. Mary Fortescue, used to be, don't know her married name. Used to be keen

on her once. She's looking at us. I'll smile . . . How are you, Mary? It must be seven years—"

"Charles! Darling, how nice to see you! I had no idea. You're looking older, Charles—and nicer."

"Growing older, my dear, is one of the few things I flatter myself I do rather well. I needn't say that the years have brushed you as lightly as I had imagined. And how is—?"

"My husband? You were always a nice person, Charles. He's—he's very well. We—don't see much of each other. He's overworked, poor dear. Got a pig of a cold this week, though. I left him in bed with a pile of thrillers."

"(Damn.) And—Guendolen? Your sister must be quite a person now. How well I remember those schoolbooks and untidy curls! Has she married?"

"Yes, Charles. Even Guendolen. How the years have flown! You were always so sweet to her, Charles."

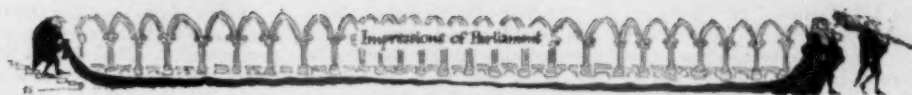
"Who would not be, with so charming a sister! Tell me, did she ever find that beau ideal of whom she always talked?"

"H'm! No. No, a little man with—'Scuse me a minute. There's Mrs. Bannockburn over there. I must see her. See you later. I—It's been so nice—remembering old times—Charles. Bye for now."

"There! Did you see what I meant?"

"I think so. Kind of inverted commas; a bit patchy. But why did she call you Charles?"

"Nothing else for it with that dialogue. Woman's instinct, I suppose."



Tuesday, November 4

The most blasé of Parliamentarians (and there are such people)

Both Houses: frankly let themselves get excited about to-day's

opening of the new session by the QUEEN. Noble Lords whose normal movement about the Palace of Westminster suggests the depths of boredom, honourable Members of Another Place who seldom allow their interest in affairs to become apparent, and even officials, whose professional task it is to conceal their personal emotions, hurried hither and thither in search of the best viewpoint.

For it is not every day that a Queen opens Parliament for the first time. The fact that Her Majesty had taken the trouble, with the Duke of EDINBURGH, to have a rehearsal on the spot, the day before, made doubly certain that the grand and stately ceremony would be carried through with that clockwork precision and strict time-keeping always associated with Royal occasions.

And certainly the most critical would have been hard put to it to find fault. Peers in their robes crowded into the Chamber, squeezing into spaces that seemed far too small for them. Diplomats, gorgeously arrayed, early overflowed their crowded "box" and stood or sat anywhere they could find the necessary few square inches.

Precisely at five minutes to eleven the lights dimmed, and the lonely Throne was gently floodlit with amber light. Silence fell. Two minutes later the Heralds and Kings of Arms entered through one door, Lord SALISBURY, carrying the Imperial Crown on a cushion, through another.

And, slowly, the QUEEN, her hand in that of the Duke, walked in as the whole company rose. The Duke (in naval uniform) escorted Her Majesty to the Throne, then stepped smartly to the Chair of State three paces to her left—

and one step lower. Composedly, the QUEEN sat down, and with the merest trace of nervousness in her voice uttered her very first words to Parliament—"My Lords, pray be seated."

Lord SIMONDS, wearing the full State robes of Lord Chancellor, stepped forward to administer the oath affirming that the QUEEN was "a good Protestant." This was read out by the QUEEN in a firm, clear voice and then signed from a vast ink-well carried by an officer. Lord SIMONDS advanced again, this time to present, on his knees, the copy of the Speech from the Throne.



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Major Anstruther-Gray
(Berwick and East Lothian)

The reading of this began at 11.2 and lasted until 11.10.

Her magnificent diamond tiara flashing as she moved, the QUEEN read the Speech with deliberation and in a voice that could clearly be heard in all parts of the silent Chamber. There was little new in the Government's programme, as set out in the Speech.

With another rustle of silks, the Royal procession moved off again. And at this point came one of those delightful little "human touches" which so often grace the most dignified of State ceremonies. As she turned to go, the QUEEN flashed a smile to Princess MARGARET, the Duke and Duchess of GLOUCESTER, and other Members of the Royal Family, standing nearby.

And the smiles she received in return seemed to echo the sentiments of all who heard the first Speech from the Throne of QUEEN

ELIZABETH II: "Well done—well done, indeed!"

In the afternoon the two Houses reassembled to discuss the Speech and—it may be—to criticize its contents.

Mr. HENRY PRICE scored the success of the debate, when, in seconding the loyal Address moved by Major ANSTRUTHER-GRAY, he spoke with obvious pride of his father: "a labourer—but not a humble labourer, for he took a great pride in digging his ditches trim and true." It was a touch of filial duty which appealed greatly to the House, as also did Mr. PRICE's conclusion that this honest pride was one of the simpler virtues we should all do well to preserve, in many fields. Mr. PRICE was given the sort of cheer Members always give when they are deeply moved.

Mr. ATTLEE and Mr. CHURCHILL each then delivered the normal summing up of the Speech from the Throne—critical and defensive respectively. Mr. ATTLEE, opening what he promised should be a bonny battle, was in sparklingly witty form and found Mr. CHURCHILL among his most amused and appreciative listeners, even when Mr. C. was also his chief target. It had looked at one time, said Mr. ATTLEE, as if the Prime Minister was to become stroke of the European boat. But now he seemed fully content merely to offer a few helpful suggestions from the tow-path.

When Mr. CHURCHILL came to reply he borrowed the same figure of speech to offer ironical congratulations to the Leader of the Opposition on being able to stroke his Party from the dispatch-box instead of being obliged merely to offer his suggestions from the back-bench tow-path. As he said this Mr. C. glanced slyly at Mr. ANEURN BEVAN on his far back-bench.

Each sally received its meed of applause.

Mr. ATTLEE promised resolute opposition to several of the Government's plans, and accused

the Administration of "ideological prejudice."

The House became somewhat unruly—in a light-hearted sort of way—when Mr. CHURCHILL referred mysteriously to the sum of three hundred million pounds as a "millstone about the neck of the railways." Nobody seemed able to understand where this figure came from or what its relevance might be, and eventually Mr. CHURCHILL admitted that he was probably misinformed; thirty million might be nearer the mark, as the amount of interest payable annually to shareholders. Still, said the P.M. unabashed, thirty million is "a very heavy millstone." Precisely the same figure of three hundred million turned up again later, this time in a passage about the money payable to land-owners under the Town and Country Planning Act of 1947. On this occasion it appeared to be the right figure, but every time the P.M. mentioned any figure at all the entire Opposition shouted "Three hundred millions!"

Looking over his glasses with a grin, the P.M. told the shouting Members opposite that he really did not think they were "getting so much out of it" as they seemed to think. The shouts of laughter ceased as though they had been switched off at the main, once it was clear that the speaker was not to be put off by them.

The debate then became general, and the attendance only moderate. The next excitement comes with the official—and critical—amendments to the Address.

Lord MANCROFT moved, and Lord BUCKMASTER seconded, the Address in the Lords, each with the skill, wit and grace expected of him. There is no verbal roughness in the Upper House on these occasions.

Wednesday, November 5

Mr. HUGH DALTON drew a gloomy picture of the future when the debate was resumed to-day, and set out a formidable list of "millstones" which

he found around various necks. Greatest of these, in his view, was the present Government—but Mr. PETER THORNEYCROFT, President of the Board of Trade, retorted that the just-reported result of the Wycombe by-election, with its increased majority for the Government, was a sufficient reply to that taunt.

Mr. THORNEYCROFT, with due caution, thought that, if all played their part—and, above all, never forgot that the days of the sellers' market had gone, perhaps for years and perhaps for ever—all would be well with the country, though arduous toil would be necessary. The Government offered no easy road, no safety without sacrifice, but, given the effort, success was not out of reach.

This gained Mr. T. an ovation of a cordiality usually reserved for Prime Ministers.

And so the debate went on, with traditional licence "to roam," as Mr. FOLLIOT put it, "all over the place."



"Eureka!" indeed! That means he's taken all the hot water again."

At the Play

MAURICE CHEVALIER (HIPPODROME)—*The Long Mirror* (ROYAL COURT)

CARRYING his famous straw hat at the trail, M. MAURICE CHEVALIER marches down the stage looking, in his nice new blue suit, like a cheerful American general going on leave. He has no elaborate build-up to persuade us of his importance; after a few bars from old favourites have been squeezed out of the piano by his faithful adjutant, Mr. FRED FREED, he just strides on in a businesslike fashion as if he had been on his way to buy a paper and had decided on the spur of the moment to entertain us instead. He is noticeably older than in his triumphant season here four years ago, and if one may say so in no slightest spirit of reproach, rather stouter. Nor is he quite so nimble. But none of these things matters in a great artist whose secret is in himself. We do not mainly go to hear him for his voice, which is small, or for his songs, which are slender, or for any single skill; we go to observe a satiric attitude to life, a buoyant, Gallic attitude, reflected in the urgency of a whisper,



MAURICE CHEVALIER

the impudent flick of a leg, the incredible expressiveness of a practically rubber face. If P.G. Wodehouse had happened to be born in Paris, the hero of the Drones Club would have borne a sharp resemblance to CHEVALIER.

Informality is at the bottom of his trick of making each member of the audience feel convinced that for him alone CHEVALIER is performing. Like Gracie Fields, he is a master of the unexpected break, that scoops us up personally into his private confidence; as when, singing of the rapturous beauty that distinguished Valentine in youth, he steps abruptly from the microphone to indicate with a tremendous shrug how much it mattered that her intelligence was negligible. But his informality—and this is the point—is the informality of exquisite manners. Sometimes it is refreshing in the music-hall to be outrageously insulted from the stage, but the advantage of CHEVALIER's more delicate technique is that he can give an air of innocence to almost anything, and certainly to songs which would make an ice-cap of an archdeacon's drawing-room. Not that he is in the least out to shock; he is simply discussing life, and he is a Frenchman, and life is many-sided. Let his big under-lip curl down, and his slow elastic smile consume his face, carrying his nose upwards at the corners, and one's puritan ancestry crumbles wonderfully. It is late in the day to remind you that, besides being quite remarkably funny, CHEVALIER has pathos as well. No sentimentality—he has no trace of the sickliness of the Hollywood crooners—but real sentiment and real pathos. As before, the mime and broken English with which he explains his songs are a major part of his entertainment. He still has us in

the hollow of his hand, but it would be an even more attractive hollow if his material were better, if he carried more songs of the simple excellence of "Valentine" and "Louise," which suit his intimate art so well.

In *The Long Mirror* Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY persuades us cleverly that two strangers have been living mentally in one another's pocket. Having achieved this exciting feat,



(*The Long Mirror*)

Brannen Elder—
MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON

he does little with it, except explore the corners of a domestic triangle. All the same, this revival scarcely does the play justice. Miss MARY JERROLD can always be relied on, and Mr. E. EYNSON EVANS makes a delightful Welsh waiter, but the rest are uncertain, and in the vital part of the clairvoyant girl Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON hammers too insistently at her lines.

Recommended

The Innocents (Her Majesty's) is tense spookery. Most men will enjoy *The Square Ring* (Lyric, Hammersmith), boxing melodrama. *The Young Elizabeth* (Criterion) is a very neat strip of historical tapestry, and *Love from Judy* (Saville) a lively musical. ERIC KEOWN



At the Pictures

Trent's Last Case—It Started in Paradise

THE distinctive flavour of the film of *Trent's Last Case* (Director: HERBERT WILCOX) comes partly, I think, from the modern appearance of what now seems a pretty old-world story, and partly from something more basic: the mere fact that serious attention is being given to a murder mystery that consists, when you examine it, almost entirely of characters, situations and circumstances that assiduous imitators have made into clichés since E. C. BENTLEY used them. The country house, the library, the two male secretaries haloed with suspicion, the butler, the suspect discovered to have had experience in amateur theatricals (aha!), the banter with the police-inspector, the sad mysterious widow of the victim . . . and of course the clever gay amateur detective who solves the puzzle with the help of the information everybody (including the inspector) is so improbably ready to give him. This sort of set-up is never met with nowadays except in burlesques of the detective-story, and a competent quiet film that treats it all seriously without being even unintentionally funny has an individual atmosphere and quite a bit of charm. It is "literary" of course (though not as literary as it might be—Trent's talk is quite stripped of quotations, presumably on the ground that no film audience would ever get the point) and depends very much on dialogue question-and-answer and explanation

for its development. It has no real characters; even Mr. Cupples the fatherly old eccentric has become quite a familiar figure in the years since 1912, and Sigabee Manderson himself is the conventional ruthless American tycoon—though ORSON WELLES's performance in the part electrifies the picture for a while. It sets out to present a straightforward puzzle, not to thrill with action or amuse by the display of convincing characters. Within these limitations it does quite well and I found it unexpectedly entertaining.

As far as I can make out the title of *It Started in Paradise* (Director: COMPTON BENNETT) is quite literally meaningless. Usually a title, however vague, hard to remember and superficially unconnected with what follows, will reveal when thought about some slight hint of a possible reason why a dashing and untidy thinker might have laughingly suggested it on the spur of the moment; but this, no (unless by "Paradise" they mean "Eden"). It appears to be a handful of words grabbed at random from the heap of well-worn title-ingredients. The film is a sort of woman's-magazine story enthusiastically buried under great truck-loads of artificial "glamour." The best thing about it is the lavish Technicolor (old reliables JACK CARDIFF, director of photography, and EDWARD CARRICK, art



(It Started in Paradise

"Mary Jane"—RONALD SQUIRE

director) in its less lavish moments, notably in dark and half-lit interiors, and another compensating influence is RONALD SQUIRE as a feline elderly fashion-writer; but the story is briefly one of ambition and breaking hearts behind the scenes of the dressmaking business, and is not much more than an excuse for elaborate parades of lovelies in remarkable clothes. The dialogue is sometimes oddly stilted and includes such clichés as the classic hysteria set-piece "That's funny! That's very, very funny!" and I suggest that anyone who has no interest in fashions, and is not the kind of simple soul to nudge a neighbour and say "That's a nice room, isn't it," will lose patience with the film as soon as I did.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

As so often, the London shows offer little except things it is needless to remind you about. CHAPLIN's *Limelight* (29/10/52); *Kon-Tiki*, the authentic on-the-spot at-the-time record, showing with *Les Inconnus dans la Maison* (22/10/52); and *Golden Marie* or *Casque d'Or* (24/9/52).

Notable new release: *Cry, the Beloved Country* (7/5/52).

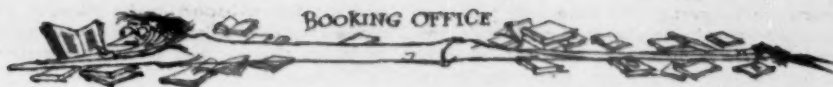
RICHARD MALLETT



Mrs. Sigabee Manderson—MARGARET LOCKWOOD

Sigabee Manderson—ORSON WELLES

(Trent's Last Case



Assorted Fancies

The Grass Harp. Truman Capote. Heinemann, 10/6

The Weather in Middenshot. Edgar Mittelhölzer. Secker and Warburg, 12/6

The Financial Expert. R. K. Narayan. Methuen, 12/6

MR. TRUMAN CAPOTE's *The Grass Harp* is a story about some small-town grotesques who leave home and live in a tree, where they are attacked by tongs and befriended by a female evangelist with a large family all by different fathers. It is "ever so fanciful" and packed with profound thoughts about liberty. As a novel, I found it too determined to be charming and too bent on the provocation of mildly orthodox heresies. What lifts it out of its class is the lyrical descriptive prose, the set pieces that interrupt and enhance the humdrum narrative. Mr. Capote is a writer of many talents. His danger is of over-refining his perceptions to a tenuity that becomes inaudible. When he keeps a balance between sensitiveness to the smaller rustles of life and vitality of communication he is a very good writer indeed, and there are some brilliant patches in this novel, in spite of its rather old-fashioned framework.

Even more fanciful is Mr. Edgar Mittelhölzer's *The Weather in Middenshot*; but it is obvious that Mr. Mittelhölzer wrote this odd novel, his first flop, because he felt it like this, not because any particular body of readers might like it. He is interesting as a novelist partly because he writes good novels and partly because each novel shows him developing in a new direction. It is unexpected that a novelist formed in the tropics should champion heredity so strongly against environment, though I do not know why it should be. Anyway, Mr. Mittelhölzer is now applying his creed to the question of criminal responsibility and his novel contains passages of vigorous argument in favour of euthanasia. These passages, though attributed to the thoughts or conversation of the characters, are written in straightforward, pamphlet English—and very well written too.

By an unhappy inspiration, however, the novel as a whole reads like a burlesque of T. F. Powys. It is easy enough to make fun of its symbolic characters, hinted lecheries and grotesque humours. There are only a few inhabitants of this dream-village near Broadmoor, and each has an easily memorable whimsy; but where the Powys village has all its roots in some part of English tradition, the Mittelhölzer village is only partly English in inspiration. The ghosts of the Caribbean move through it wearing English folk-masks and trying, with a commendable attempt at adaptability, to adopt Anglo-Saxon attitudes. This exoticism mitigates failure. A more positive merit is the magnificent description of weather. Fog, snow and wind in a Berkshire landscape have excited Mr. Mittelhölzer, whose last novel was about lush British

Guiana, and he paints them recognizably yet strangely. They have been a new, an overwhelming experience for him, and his genius blazes out as he soars above the silliness of his story to communicate his excitement.

Mr. R. K. Narayan's south Indian village has nothing fanciful about it. His comedies are very realistic and *The Financial Expert* is all about loans and dowries and partnerships. Mr. Graham Greene in his introduction says the ambitious, absurd, tender hero has the "hidden poetry and unrecognized pathos we so often find in Tchekov's characters." And yet . . . and yet . . . the picture of dirt and superstition and chicanery is rose-coloured. There is something a little elfin about the picture of the moneylender and financier who ruins his child by spoiling him and his fellow-countrymen by screwing deposits out of them and paying off interest out of new deposits. One had always imagined that the financial shark was one of the less admirable elements in Indian life. Treated satirically, his Sancho cunning has been the basis of a thousand years of merry folk-tales; but there is nothing sharply and hygienically amused about Mr. Narayan. His village is a disease-ridden, poverty-ridden, dirt-ridden, superstition-ridden slum, described with a tolerant whimsicality, a gentle irony, as a mixture of Cranford and Thrums. R. G. G. PRICE

A Forgotten Journey. Peter Fleming. Rupert Hart-Davis, 10/6

Diaries, particularly after nearly two decades, reflect one's old self uneasily like a cracked shaving-mirror: the little flaws, the self-conscious attitudes, the



"... Sir George regrets his inability to attend and hopes the thing won't bang fire too badly."

sickness, the judgments that have been proved so disastrously wrong by events—they mock one's more mature wisdom. *A Forgotten Journey*, therefore, often reads like the diary of a clever young man (it was kept in 1935) travelling with impeccable introductions. Mr. Peter Fleming's "diarist" meets "The Times man" in Moscow, suffers from a communal bath at the Adlon in Berlin, discusses politics in a boat on the Don, attends a Soviet court, "roughs it" in Mongolia and Vladivostok, buys black-market roubles, and raises an eyebrow at the price of opium. But even in those remote and now inaccessible countries, what could be called the "club" atmosphere is never far away. There was always Mr. Knickerbocker, or a rough shoot (even if the original hosts were in exile), or someone of note to look up. However, any tit-bit from behind the iron curtain is to-day's rarity; and we must hope that there are many more diaries such as this to light up the unknown. R. K.

Francis Thompson and Wilfrid Meynell. A Memoir by Viola Meynell. *Hollis and Carter*, 18s.

Few lives have been more full of interests—and more disinterested—than Wilfrid Meynell's; and nothing illustrates both aspects more attractively than his relations with Francis Thompson. Soon after the poet's death a wave of Anglo-American recognition repaid, with fame for the protégé and royalties for the benefactor, the man who had set his heart on the former. But during Thompson's lifetime the Meynells were bringing up their seven children and fostering a waif—who was far more perceptibly wastrel than genius—on journalistic overtime that would horrify a "worker" to-day. How child-labour was also enlisted, when the parents wrote for countless papers (as often as not under interchangeable *noms-de-plume*) besides those Wilfrid edited, is delightfully told by their daughter; who also recounts with enthusiasm and discretion the

part her father, backed up by Manning, played in introducing their fellow-Catholics to a light-hearted humanism that had lain dormant since the days of St. Thomas More. H. P. E.

A Woodman's Diary. J. D. U. Ward. *Routledge*, 21s.

This is the record of several years in forestry—or sylvi-culture as the author prefers to call it—presented in an over-long volume of jottings, opinions and repetitive diatribes against other folks' ways and feelings. Mr. Ward hates "country lovers" and writers of the "gush and slush...no mud on their boots" school, and tilts furiously at ignorance and superstition even of the simple February-fill-dyke kind. He sheds light, however, on the much-misunderstood policy of the Forestry Commission, so often accused of short-sightedness in setting up its gloomy armies of conifers; in suitable districts, mainly of Southern England, the Commission in fact plants as many hardwoods as soft. It is a pity that the diarist's prickly personality, and its reaction on his fellow-workers, imbue these pages with an irritating quality of provocative cynicism which undoes much of the good that they might otherwise do. J. D.

SHORTER NOTES

A Book of Beauty. Compiled by John Hadfield. *Hulton Press*, 17/6. Stimulating, unusual anthology of prose and poetry (with pictures chosen as echoes of these, and a little music)—the answer found by the editor during a grave illness to the question "What is it that makes life so abundantly, so triumphantly worth living?" With its undercurrent of deep seriousness without gloom, this is a testament of courage. A perfect bedside book and beautifully produced.

An Exile in Soho. Mrs. Robert Henry. *Dent*, 16s. The familiar Continental smells—with that slight preponderance of the bad ones that seems inseparable from realism—accompany "the third of the Madeleine books" in its characteristic oscillations between France and England. Its hero is Madeleine's stepfather, a chef who spent his childhood among the chiffons of a Lyons workshop.

Sea-Elephant. L. Harrison Matthews. *MacGibbon and Kee*, 15s. The Director of the London Zoo, who like so many naturalists writes capably, gives a hardy, invigorating account of life among the South Georgian hunters of the "lobos"—the sea-elephants. Sub-Antarctica, of late, has proved a happy hunting-ground for trained observers. Few have equalled Dr. Harrison Matthews in reporting their observations.

The Indian Ocean. Alan Villiers. *Museum Press*, 21s. Jewels, ivory, tea and spices from the East, oil from Persia, slavers, whalers, pirate-dhows and tankers vividly furnish this account of the rich trade routes of the ocean whose north-westerly arm lapped the cradle of our civilization. Told with authority by an eye-witness who himself carried a corner of the cloak which—first worn by da Gama and Albuquerque—has "stretched to cover half the world."

Please Ring the Bell. H. Frank Wallace. *Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 18s. Racy, careless autobiography looking back nostalgically from a St. James's Street angle at a richly Wodehousian youth. The writer deplores the uniformity and unseemly rush of the present, but is firmly sympathetic to youth. Full of good stories, told well.

The King is Dead. Ellery Queen. *Gollancz*, 10/6. The King is "King" Bendigo (armaments and other ruthlessness) and the uncharted island from which he rules the world belongs properly in a boys' book. But it's for grown-ups too, especially the problem of a murder in a locked room by a murderer in another locked room.

Murder Twice Told. Donald Hamilton. *Wingate*, 10/6. Two long-short stories by the author of "The Steel Mirror." Rapid narrative and gradually-screwed-up tension. In the Hamilton world you can never be certain if anybody's bona fides. This preoccupation with layers of dependability adds an allegorical overtone to the thriller plots.



PORT-FED STILTON

I BLAME myself entirely. I should never have allowed it to taste strong drink.

I scooped a large spoonful out of the middle and poured in a half-glass of port. The stilton coughed and spluttered, and I left the port to soak in. It didn't. It was still lying there, markedly untouched, the next morning, a placid little pool. It stayed there for a week, growing scum, and I resolved to resort to forced-feeding. I jabbed an elementary drainage-system through the stilton with a skewer. The stilton absorbed the port slowly and reluctantly.

It was after the third dose that I noticed the stilton's slowness and reluctance were wearing off. The fourth dose went down like lightning and the stilton was clamouring for more.

I am telling no lie when I say it polished off the rest of the bottle in under two days. The second bottle lasted only three days altogether. There was something compelling about that stilton. It was difficult to say "no" to it. It struck me that good port was wasted on a stilton that soaked it up at that rate, and I went out and bought it a bottle of the cheapest port-type British wine I could find.

I never did it again. I gave the stilton just a half-glass, to see if it would notice the difference, and it did. You may say a stilton cannot glare at you. I can only say you have never seen a stilton in the grip of the craving for alcohol. Trembling, I sucked the port-type wine out with a fountain-pen filler and rushed down to the cellar and got up a forty-year-old hunting port swathed in cobwebs, that I had been keeping for my golden wedding.

The stilton smacked its lips over it, and put the whole bottle away before bedtime. In the night I am almost certain I was awakened by bumpings below and a hoarse, hiccuppy voice singing "A Little of what you Fancy does you Good."

The next day it was not thirsty. It was in a sullen mood, and seemed



glad of the cool napkin wrapped round it. But the day after it was itself again, and raised hell because there weren't any cobwebs on the bottle of vintage port I had got in for it.

Before long I was ordering its port by the half-dozen. The stilton was running me into more money than I cared to tot up. It was galling to think that, while it lolled there swigging its port, I could no longer afford even a mild-and-bitter for myself at night.

I saw there was only one thing for it. I should have to eat the thing up and regain my liberty.

It was a job for which I needed help. I belong to a rather serious literary society, and I asked them in one evening to discuss the influence of Spinoza on Nietzsche over a cup of coffee, with light refreshments of biscuits and cheese on the side.

The evening was a great success. We finished off the stilton to the last, soggy crumb, and stood round roaring out the chorus of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" while Miss Hornby, our Hon. Secretary, did a skirt-dance on the table. Professor Applestall bagged a policeman's helmet on his way home, and the Misses Duncan returned two door-knockers and a dust-bin anonymously the next morning.

What I say is, there's nothing like a nice bit of cheddar.

COLIN HOWARD

"Thus our Festival is bound to have a thought of creatures, especially sheep. I am anxious that a large number shall hear Canon Brown . . ."

Upper Wharfedale parish magazine

It's the goats he ought to be talking to.

FRINGE

ONCE used to feel a faintly nostalgic
twinge
Whenever I heard someone mention a Fringe,
Because for me, until the present,
The word always signified something pendent,
pliant and pleasant.

My cradle, for instance, had a silken fringe
Which once, when left alone, I essayed to
sing;
And later I was moved to ecstatic bliss
By an auburn fringe on some fellow's sis.

To-day, however, the meaning of Fringe
Has acquired a distinctly pejorative tinge—
Implying the soi-disant periphery
Surrounding some nucleus of cognoscenti.

Thus, people in the Cultural Fringe
Discuss the plays of J. M. Synge,
Which is, of course, a very different thing
From discussing the plays of J. M. Synge.

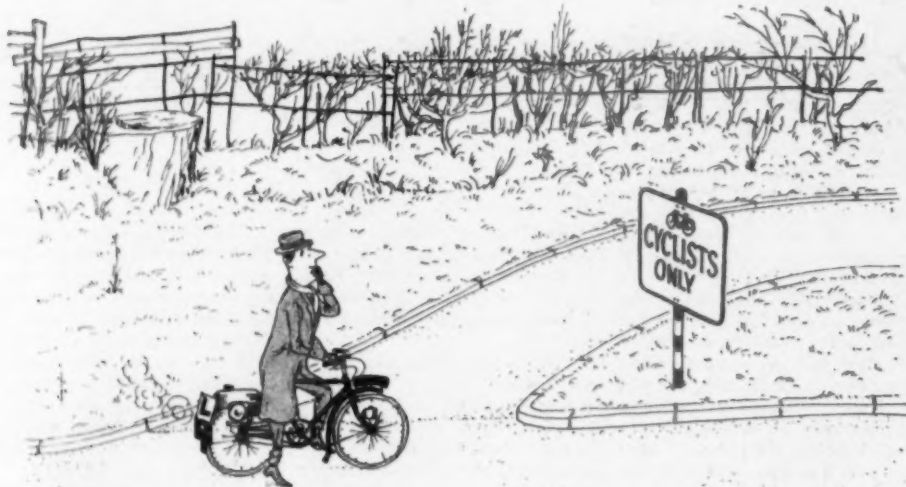
Those in the Scientific Fringe
May understand the principle of the common
pump or syringe
But seldom speak with much conviction on
The cyclotron.

The Musical Fringe
Consists of the thousands who impinge
Upon the Albert Hall during the Proms.
(This is not Sir Malcolm Sargent's view but
Mr. Eric Blom's.)

In politics one's fate may hinge
Upon the vagaries of an even vaster Fringe
Of vacillating voters who switch from Left to
Right
(Or vice versa) overnight.

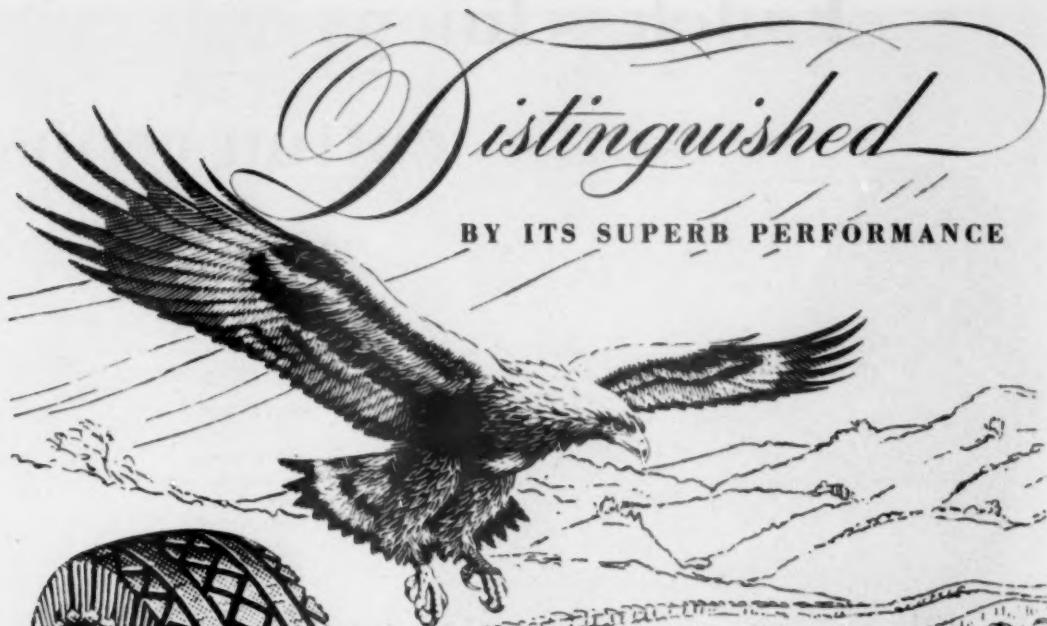
As for the Literary Fringe,
The very mention of it makes one cringe.
I cannot think why this should be
Since it includes, quite obviously, me.

E. V. MILNER



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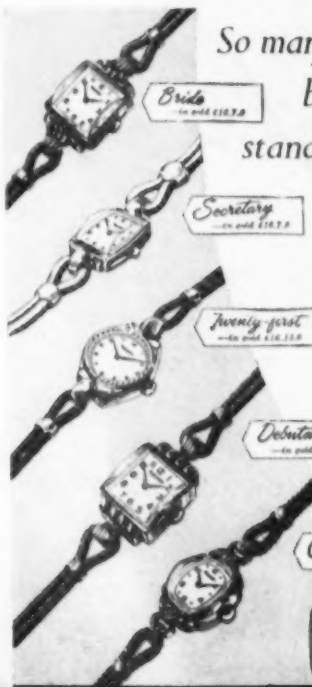
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5/-
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Why is it called Champagne cider?

It is made by the Champagne process, matured in bottle and each one bears the vintage date. Pomagne has that extra Champagne sparkle.

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No, it costs 5/- a bottle. This is first-class value and you can afford to be generous when entertaining with Pomagne.

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Good blankets last a long time—but Earlywarm last a lifetime! So decide now to give blankets—better still decide to give EARLYWARM. Of course there's a reason why Earlywarm Blankets are so soft and gentle to the touch, why they're warm as the Christmas spirit, and so long-lasting. They have a pedigree: they are made in the depths of lovely Oxfordshire, and have behind

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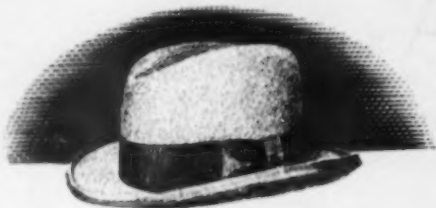
Asprey



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Silversmiths and Jewellers
to the late King George VI

Write for Christmas Catalogue
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—with a difference

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For when Boreas blows, Algernon cloaks his plaintive frame in cumbersome clouts. Look at the result! Bulky! Definitely not well-dressed.

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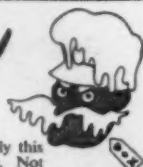


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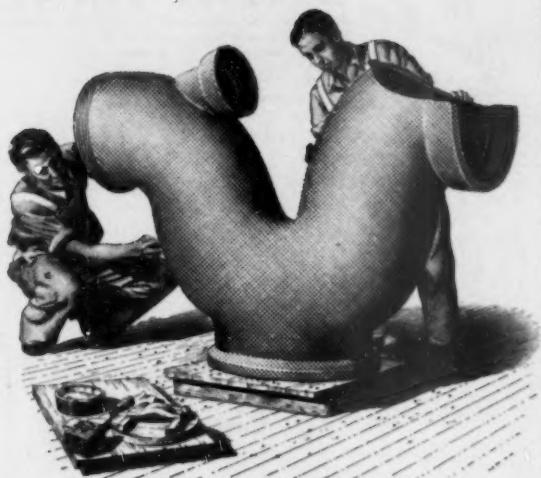
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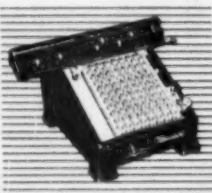


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Pleasant, refreshing ENO'S "Fruit Salt" is the gentle corrective most of us need to keep the system regular. ENO'S is particularly suitable for children—and for anyone with a delicate stomach.

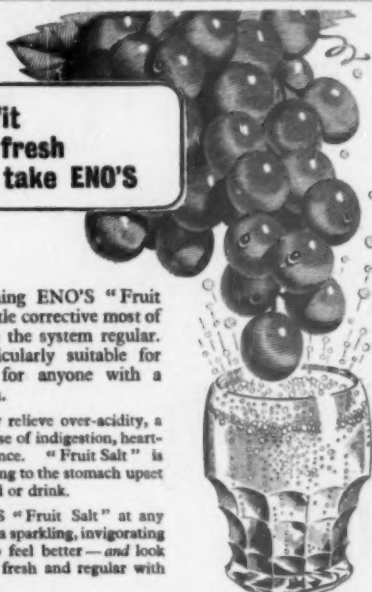
ENO'S will safely relieve over-acidity, a most frequent cause of indigestion, heartburn and flatulence. "Fruit Salt" is soothing and settling to the stomach upset by unsuitable food or drink.

A dash of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" at any time of day makes a sparkling, invigorating health-drink. To feel better—and look better—keep fit, fresh and regular with your ENO'S.

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

THE GENTLE ANTACID LAXATIVE

2/6d. Regular Size—Family Size (double the quantity) 4/6d.



CATARRH

ZYTOCIN can bring very helpful relief to sufferers from Catarrh. ZYTOCIN, made from pure concentrated garlic (one of the oldest natural remedies) is Odourless, Tasteless, easily digestible, and with no unpleasant after effects.

Try ZYTOCIN to-day!

63 Tablets 5/- 21 Tablets 1/11

ZYTOCIN

From Boots, Timothy White & Tylor, and other leading chemists. Or post 3d. from
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Ask your stockist
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ALLWAYS FIRE EXTINGUISHER

EDWIN SWEET & SON LIMITED DEPT. 'E'
NINE ELMS REASSFOUNDRY, BIRMINGHAM 20

For high spirits
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DAILY YEAST

—first rule for
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Children need Yeastamin.

This pure, dried brewers' yeast is rich in the complete protein and indispensable vitamin B complex so often lacking in today's over-refined foods, yet without which neither health nor growth can be maintained. No other known food can add more to their daily diet at such small cost. Obtainable from your chemist.

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THE SHOLKES GRAIN CO. LTD., SOUTHALL RD., BURNLEY-ON-HEATH.

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craftsmanship, is made in selected
tan cape leather with beautifully
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EVERY DENT'S GLOVE has "hidden fit."
Your glove-leather is so "controlled"
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your hand snugly, warmly, for years. Dent's
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your outfitter to show you the full range of
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THE IMPECCABLE WEATHERCOAT

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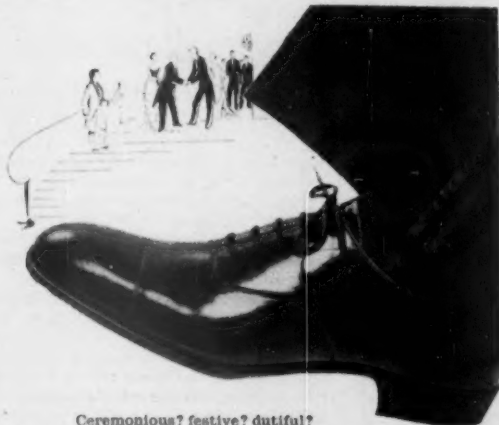
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I know—but aren't all gins much of a muchness?

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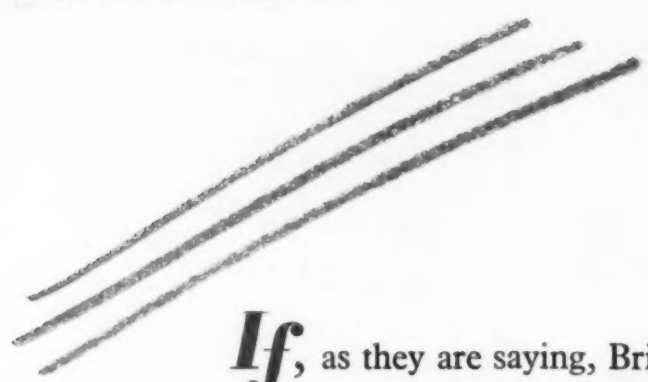
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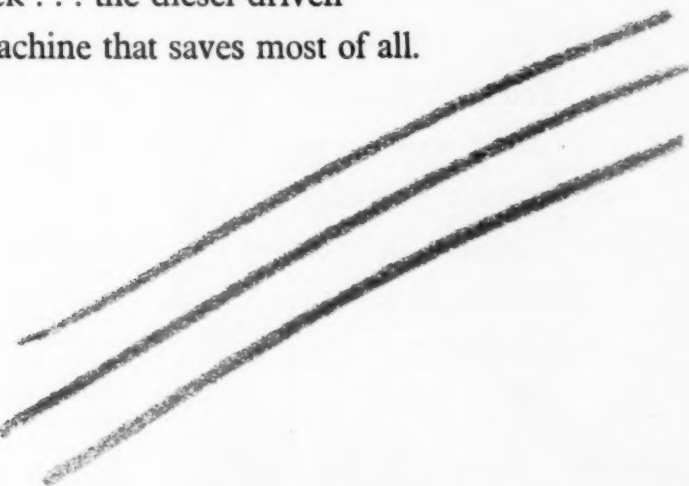
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